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## THE DANCING DERVISHES.

HAVING heard much during my stay at Constantinople of the Dancing Dervishes, I joined a party of four English ladies and a German military officer, and one Tuesday forenoon we proceeded to one of their mosques, which is situated in the principal street of Pera. On entering the court-yard of the mosque, we were told that the worship would not begin until one hour after mid-day, and as it still wanted half an hour of that time, we strolled into the adjoining garden, where a number of black and white Turkish women were sitting with their children on a parapet overlooking the Bosphorus. After admiring for some little time the beautiful view of Scutari, with Mount Olympus in the background, as well as the varied and fantastic buildings studding the Asiatic shore of the channel, where the eye is led out as far as the Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and again caught up with the mosques and palaces of Stamboul, and finally rests on the dirty roofs of Galata, lying below the feet; our notice was more particularly drawn towards the Turkish women, whose entire attention seemed occupied with the costume of the English ladies. In particular, I observed two huge black creatures who seemed lost in wonder and astonishment at the European dress and manner: there was also one young-looking Osmanlee with most beautiful black eyes whose emotions I could not guess, as she poured two streams of black lustre from under her *yasmak* in wondering curiosity at the Frankish dress. I ventured to address her by calling her boy a very pretty child: this compliment had the requisite charm, and she entered into conversation. The child was about sixteen months old, and dressed in the fanciful *shalvar* and *feredjce*, which looks so graceful on little children—its head was encased in a little skull-cap of a turkey-red colour, while round its brow was folded a richly-varied shawl, giving to the cap something of the appearance of a turban; across the folds of the shawl was fixed a string of gold coins of the reigns of Selim, Mahmoud, and other celebrated sultans. Of these gold pieces there might be from sixteen to twenty, valuing from four to twelve shillings each. The sacred cipher, or signature of the sultan, impressed upon them is regarded as a certain preventive against disease, witchcraft, the evil eye, &c. &c. The mother said that they called her little boy Achmet—that his father was dead, and he had no other relative in the world but herself—probably she was poor—at least she had the look of subdued poverty—but, before I had time to enter into any further conversation, a cavia advanced, and told us that the mosque was open. As we passed a private door that led direct from the garden to the mosque, we met several Turkish women, attended by their servants bearing their pipes, entering to say their prayers; previous to commencing which, and after it is finished, they regale themselves with a smoke. We proceeded across the court to the public door of the mosque, and, having put slippers over the tops of our boots, were asked by the Cerberus of the place to give him a *backshish*—this being done, we entered. The mosque consisted of one chamber of an octagon form, surrounded by a gallery, which filled up three sides of the octagon towards the north, and three towards the south. The east

side contained a species of oriental altar on which sat an old dervish, flanked on each side by an enormous candle. The side towards the west was occupied by the door, and, like that towards the east, had no gallery over it. The gallery was supported on sixteen square piles of wood; at about twelve feet from the ground, under this gallery, were assembled the congregation; while the space in the centre of the mosque, comprising all that was not under the gallery, was railed off with a strong wooden balustrade about thirty inches high.

When we entered, the centre portion was occupied by about twenty dervishes; some on their knees, and others flat on their faces, howling, Allah! Allah! Allah! Besides the congregation under the gallery, we could discern, mingled with them, several strangers who, like ourselves, had been drawn there by curiosity; but the pious Mussulmans did not seem at all incommode either by their touch or their stare, and continued their prayers without ever noticing the presence of the "infidels." The number of worshippers might be about forty, and the strangers about twenty—what the number of the female part of the congregation was I could not tell, as they were concealed behind a partition of wooden trellis-work, although their presence was sufficiently denoted by the clashing of their ever-restless tongues, which seemed more engaged in chattering to one another than in praying. At the door stood a stupid-looking Turkish sentinel, with his musket in his hand, ready to prevent at the point of the bayonet any one from defiling the mosque with dirty feet, and causing every one within to put a pair of slippers over his boots or shoes, or otherwise take them off altogether.

From time to time various devotees, soldiers, citizens, and others entered, and, mixing with the others, fell down on their knees, and commenced their prayers. The mosque might be about sixty feet in diameter, the part in the centre in which the dervishes were was of cypress wood, highly polished and glittering in the light, while the parts under the galleries were covered with mats of Alexandrian reeds. Opposite the door was a large piece of wood, painted black, like a sign-board, and covered over with a great many Arabic characters, written in too flourishing a style for my limited knowledge of the alphabet to decipher. Underneath was another black board with, in large characters, *Ya hazreti mevlana*—"O! our merciful lord;" while on both sides were little gilded tablets with the cipher of the sultan written upon them. In the sides of the building opposite the door, were several windows—the roof, walls, &c., were painted white and green, while the place altogether was as clean and light as the most fastidious could desire.

Shortly after we entered, the dervishes arrayed themselves into three rows, howling their prayers, bending on their knees, falling flat on their faces, and getting suddenly up on their feet again. All these priests were dressed in the usual dervish long *kalepak* and cloak. Their cloaks were of various colours, distinguishing their particular sect, and their faces gave indications of some stupefying sort of intoxication: indeed, frequently after falling down on their faces, and suddenly getting up on their feet again, as they walked round the octagon, it was difficult to conceive whether they were mountebanks at a fair, enthusiasts in a church, or

demons who had paid a visit to earth. After these priests had almost rendered themselves hoarse by their howling, there was a chaunting commenced from the gallery above our heads, when they went through their evolutions in silence, keeping time to the rude and stupid music. When the chaunting had continued for about ten minutes it ceased, and the priests again began their prayers in a low mumbling tone, amidst the confused sounds of which I could easily hear, *Allah! Allah! Allah! Allah! nur dur, Allah! chalum dur*—and all the other Allahs of the Turkish Paternoster. When this had been finished, they continued moving about from the centre to the extremity of the circle, falling down during each revolution on their knees, and sometimes on their faces; this being performed the requisite number of times, they all extended themselves to the very margin of the railed space, and sat down on their knees in silence, with their face towards the east. The old dervish who had been all this time sitting in or on the altar, (for it would be hard to say which,) moved towards the front of the performers, and sat down on a red mat which one of them placed on the ground for him. This old dervish had a shorter *kalpak* or hat than the others, and round about it was bound a green shawl; he appeared to be the chief, and the chaunting again commenced as soon as he was seated. Some musicians also in the gallery began to play on kettle-drums and clarionets, but their performance was one continued monotonous, dum, dum, dum, tom, tom, tom; and better could have been produced out of an old pan and a penny whistle. This noise of chaunting and beating of drums, accompanied by the praying of the old dervish, continued about fifteen minutes. The other dervishes all remained motionless in their places: one in particular I noticed fast asleep, and was about beginning to nod myself when a trumpet sounded, and the whole fraternity suddenly fell flat on their hands and faces at the same instant; making with the palms of their hands such a loud smack on the floor that every stranger started. They now got upon their feet, and commenced slowly walking in a row round the circle—stopping always when they came to the place where the old dervish sat, and, making an obeisance almost to the earth, turning off again with the ordinary waltz step. This promenade was continued for about ten minutes, when they all stopped, and, throwing off their cloaks, untied a string round their middle, which let fall a very long shirt or gown, completely covering their feet, which were naked. The dervish next to the altar then walked up to the old dervish on the mat, and, making a most graceful oriental obeisance, swung himself in a moment, with his hands stretched out, into a complete spinning whirl. The gown was in an instant lifted off the ground by the motion, and twirled gracefully round with the body—immediately another and another passed up to the figure on the mat, went through exactly the same ceremony, and, in less than one minute, there were nineteen of them spinning round the circle like so many peg-tops.

The old dervish during this performance continued sitting on his mat, chaunting his prayers, in which task he was assisted by eight, who took no part in the reel, but who stood with their cloaks on, leaning against the pillars that supported the gallery. The other nineteen were now moving with the greatest rapidity to the tune of the music above; the step was much the same as the waltz, only the feet were kept close together, and one-half of the figure seemed on the forepart of the right foot and heel of the left, while the other part changed to the forepart of the left and heel of the right; the body rose and fell as the movement took place from heel to toe—but it was so very quick, and skilfully performed, that there was no jerk upon the perfect circular motion of the body. Fourteen of these dervishes moved round the extremity of the railed space, by advances of about six inches each

evolution of the body—but the advance had all the appearance of a slide forward, and not of a step; by which the circular motion was never destroyed. Inside this outer circle was another of four dervishes who also performed the double circular motion, while in the centre was one dervish who spun round as if he had been endowed with perpetual motion. In fact, the whole floor seemed covered with wheels, each moving on its own pivot, while the room appeared to be moving with them at the same time; and so regular was their motion, that although the ends of their fingers were often within three inches of each other and never more distant than twelve, yet in no instance during the service did they come into collision. The hands and arms of them all were stretched out at full swing—the greater part horizontally, but some with the one arm high and the other low, occasionally changing their position, and giving a waving motion to the body, as it rose and fell, from heel to toe and from toe to heel. Many of the dervishes' eyes were shut during the dance, but others retained them open. A few inclined their heads to the one side, but the greater part preserved them erect. After this had continued ten minutes the music stopped, and so did the dancers. They bowed their heads several times, and fell down on their knees. The music then struck up anew, and off they went as before. This was repeated in all three times, and occupied half an hour; during which period both halts did not exceed two minutes, yet the performers showed no symptoms of giddiness or exhaustion, although the perspiration was dropping off the heads of some of them on the floor. Having gone through these three reels there was a short pause, when they filed off into two columns. The members of the column to the left of the altar each kissed the cheek of every one in the other column, and, doing so, retired; while the one at the head of this second column kissed all his brethren to the foot, leaving the man next him to follow in his turn, until there was only one remaining; he bowed to the old priest on the mat, and, like his companions, disappeared through a private door.

The dancing dervishes are not a numerous body in Constantinople; they have only one mosque in the Frank portion of the city, and four or five in the Turkish quarter. Their performance takes place twice each week—viz. on Tuesday and on Friday, which latter day is the Turkish sabbath. Neither they nor the regular dervish, nor the howling dervish, are, in strict propriety, entitled to be called Mussulman priests; they are merely monks, and are in secret jovial, rascally, and irreligious. Their belly is their god; their sanctity is affected for the purposes of avoiding labour and gratifying their appetites; and they are viewed by the people with much the same holy awe as that which is accorded to a wandering friar in Italy or Greece.

[The preceding description of the devotional doings of the dancing dervishes of Constantinople may provoke a smile of pity, if not of contempt. Still, we of London, the "capital of the world," have no right to be extremely supercilious. On the day previous to writing this note, we attended a monthly meeting at Newman-street, the "Jerusalem" of the Irvingites, on which monthly occasions there are representatives attending from all their other churches. The greater portion of the assembly were of the "gentler" sex—indeed, on a first or casual glance, it might have been taken for an assembly of women. But under the arch where the late Mr. Irving used to stand for the purpose of officiating, were ranged twelve arm-chairs, intended for the "twelve apostles,"—most of whom, however, were absent,—and behind these were three semi-circular rows of "evangelists," presenting the appearance of a Sanhedrim or a senate. The services were, on the whole, very decently conducted; there were no outbursts of "unknown tongues," as is usually the case: but the "prophet" read a chapter, under supposed supernatural influence, accompanying his reading with a horrible elocution; and in the course of an address, after repeating "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh," he gave a hideous *He! he! he!* enough to freeze the blood of all who revered the Deity.—Ed.]

## BIRDS versus INSECTS.

IN looking through the various departments of animated nature, we cannot help noticing many wonderful adaptations of one tribe of animals to others, by which they reciprocally assist or correct the economy of each other, operating to the good of the whole.

One of the most striking instances of how the numbers and depredations of certain tribes of insects are reduced and prevented, is exemplified in the spring and early summer months. In those seasons the increasing heat bursts the buds, brings forth the young foliage of trees, and at the same time myriads of the larvæ of insects, and which, were it not for the timely arrival of the summer birds, would devour every green leaf, flower, and fruit of the season. The eggs of these insects are deposited round the basis of the buds and in the crevices of the bark during the previous autumn, are hatched by the warmth of spring, and soon crawl to secrete themselves among and feed on the leaves, &c. They continue exceedingly voracious while they remain in the form of caterpillars, disappear and lie dormant while in the chrysalis state, and when they assume the perfect-winged and last transformation, the insects are then comparatively harmless.

It is when they are caterpillars they furnish such a rich treat to a great majority of the soft-billed warblers, and in the winged state they are preyed on by other tribes of small birds; and as already said, if these insects were not by these means reduced in their incalculable numbers, the verdure and even the hopes of the year would be destroyed.

The insects which are most numerous and destructive to the foliage and flowers of that season are the *tortricæ*, so called from their habit of rolling themselves up in a young leaf, which serves them as a dry abode and a retreat from danger. This rolling of the leaf they accomplish by uniting the edges by threads spun from their mouth, and disposed across and across by their two forefeet. The "worm in the buds" of roses and other plants is a species of tortrix, and though chiefly a plague in gardens, are also found on hedges and many forest trees. There are also numerous tribes of what are called mining insects, which first tarnish and afterwards destroy the foliage; as soon as hatched they eat their way into the substance of the leaf, live between the upper and lower cuticle upon the perenchyma, until their increased size compels them to forage on the outside. The chief of these miners are small moths. There are many other flies, moths, and butterflies, whose larvæ feed on the tender productions of spring and summer, and which are the natural prey of our summer immigrants, the latter arriving at the very time the former are most mischievous.

The first little visitant which arrives to assist and amuse us by his shrill and sprightly call, is the *chiffchaff* or smallest willow-wren. They usually reach this country between the 20th February and middle of April, and are often heard before they are seen. Perched, or flitting from spray to spray on the tops of lofty trees among the opening buds in fine weather, they are heard frequently repeating their unvaried song of two notes, and though monotonous, it is at this early season particularly pleasing as indicative of the approach of summer. The chiffchaff is wholly a sylvan minstrel, lives entirely on insects found on trees, though they do not nestle there, but at the bottom of trees under tufts of moss or long grass. Except two or three, the chiffchaff is the smallest British bird, and is known by its olive-brown colour above, and dull white below; but much better by its song, of which the name is a literal description.

Our next voracious assistant is also called a willow-wren, and much resembles the preceding in colour and habits; this is, however, somewhat larger, and a much better songster, the song being a pleasant strain of ten or twelve notes, begun high and graduated down to near an octave below. This the bird repeats from time to time, while hopping about among the branches of low trees, or when near the nest; and as this species is pretty numerous, their united songs fill up a considerable part of the woodland choir. This species arrives a fortnight or three weeks later than the first, and inhabits hedges and coppice woods, and nestles on the ground.

There is a third willow-wren, which is equally useful as an insect-eater with the two former. It is called in some places the hay-bird, because they arrive later than the others, and are mostly seen and heard during hay-time. They frequent hollow woods, perch on the lower boughs, and sing a trilling kind of song ending with a well-performed shake. These three birds resemble each other very much in manners and general colour, but they are easily distinguished by their songs, which are very different.

The other most conspicuous migratory warblers, which are so useful in our gardens during summer, are the redstart, blackcap, whitethroat, lesser whitethroat, garden warbler, and common flycatcher. The wryneck, goatsucker, cuckoo, and nightingale, are also insectivorous; but they are more field than garden visitants, and are not so directly useful to the gardener and orchardist as the first mentioned. There are also a few field birds which are migratory and insectivorous, but whose services, whatever they may be, are not so appreciable as the species first mentioned. These are the titlark, the redlark, and the woolmate, which are only seen among field crops, and of whose economy as to food but little is known.

The above are our seasonal immigrants, which live chiefly on the larvæ of destructive insects, and which, but for these birds, would ruin or greatly diminish many of our orchard crops in every year. But there is another tribe of birds which live entirely on the perfect insects, and which materially assist those which prefer the larvæ—we mean the swallow tribe, which are so familiar as to be really our domestics. Of these the chimney-swallow, the house-martin, sand-martin, and black-martin or swift, are all well known. These birds, which annually repair to this country to breed, must necessarily devour incredible numbers of gnats and flies, which are naturally annoying both to man and beast, and which, but for the check they receive from these annual visitors, would increase so as to render the country itself scarcely habitable.

There are two other foreign birds which visit us in winter, and which, though in a great measure they are also insectivorous, render us but little service in this way, owing to the dead season they are with us—we mean the fieldfare and redwing thrushes. These arrive at the beginning, and remain with us during winter, in which season they pick up a scanty livelihood on downs or pastures, or, when snow covers the ground, seek the remains of hips and haws on hedges. As soon, however, as the genial weather of spring sets in, they leave us for their native breeding-places, the marshes of Norway and Sweden.

The above-named birds, which stand us in such stead in our spring and summer months, are regular birds of passage. Their object in taking so long a journey from warmer skies, is an instinctive movement to enjoy a more temperate climate, and in which they can so easily obtain the most proper food for their young; for that the larvæ of insects is the most proper and suitable food for young birds is indicated by several kinds, which are of themselves usually graminivorous, invariably choosing for their infant young the soft pulpy larvæ of insects. Of this circumstance the common house-sparrow is a notable instance, and for which service to gardeners he deserves to be ranked with our native insect-eating birds, a class which includes a considerable proportion of the whole. They are as follow, namely, the gold-crested wren, the common wren, the redbreast, chaffinch, and creeper; all the species of titmice and those of the genus woodpecker are all insectivorous: some of them constantly so, others only when feeding their young. The finches subsist chiefly on seeds, and are sometimes troublesome in gardens; but as they pick up those of weeds as well as those of cultivated plants, they may be supposed to do as much good as harm.

There is a numerous tribe of British birds which live on water insects; but as they are not directly serviceable to the gardener or husbandman, are not included in the list of our seasonal benefactors.

But of all other insect-eating birds, the rook, jackdaw, and starling, are the most useful to the husbandman. These are ever searching the pastures and cornfields for various species of grubs, which are most destructive to the roots of cultivated plants. Notwithstanding these services, many of those who are most benefited by the labours of these birds are the least sensible of their good offices, and persecute them without mercy, whole rookeries being sometimes destroyed at once! And it is a very common custom wherever there is a rookery, and when the young have left the nest to perch on the branches, to invite a numerous "awkward squad" of gunners to have "a day's sport" in knocking down the branches. By this and other means of destruction the poor rooks are sadly harassed, and merely because they will steal a little barley or wheat, but that only when the ground is so hard and dry as prevents them digging up their natural food.

There are, it is said, no rooks in the United States of America, and the farmers there suffer much in consequence. Indeed, it has been tried to introduce the rook into America as an agricultural servant, but we know not with what success. A very different proceeding this from what we have known, of a band of tenants



"*humbly petitioning*" their landlord to demolish his rookeries, and extirpate the breed from off his estate! Such petitioners were *half naturals*, rather than whole *naturalists*!

We have thrown the foregoing observations respecting injurious insects and useful birds together, to prove what we set out with asserting, that the different tribes or classes of animated nature are so destined and formed as to assist in the preservation, or to correct the exuberance of each other, and thereby to maintain a balance which is manifestly either directly or indirectly advantageous to the whole. The insects are destined to be the food of the birds; and the birds are sent to reduce the insects, in order that they may not prove injurious to man and other animals. Thus the whole creation is so providentially arranged, and the various parts so wisely adapted to each other, that not a link of the great chain of being could be dispensed with without derangement and disorder.

#### MR. COOPER'S PENNY POSTAGE.\*

It certainly would be desirable, that the new system of a cheap and uniform rate of postage should be introduced, without any material change in the habits of the people, as to the mode of sending or receiving letters. Mr. William Cooper, of Southampton, who speaks with the authority of "one practically acquainted with the details of the Post-office in all its branches," has, in a letter the title of which we have given below, proposed a plan for the accomplishment of this object. He says,

"On the introduction of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of a low and uniform rate of postage on all letters passing through the Post-office, it would be desirable, if possible, that the public should be allowed the same privilege as at present enjoyed, of paying the postage on letters when they are posted or when they are delivered; and also to introduce and establish the plan in question, without materially altering the instructions at present furnished to deputy-postmasters, clerks, receivers, letter-carriers, &c., as to the mode by which they are to conduct the Post-office department.

"The only object Mr. Hill has in view, is to allow letters to be transmitted through the Post-office for a low rate of postage. His plan of stamped covers was only suggested that the expense of conveyance might be as economical as possible. The principal objection to the introduction of stamped covers is, that the public would suffer inconvenience by being compelled to pay the postage in advance. For every letter the postage of which is paid when it is posted, hundreds are sent through the Post-office with the intention that the postage should be paid on delivery: and this does not arise because the Post-office arrangements allow of optional payment, nor on account of the heavy rate of postage at present charged, but solely from the very nature of business and intercourse. Four hundred and ninety-nine times out of five hundred, the receivers of letters are the parties who ought to pay the postage; and to compel the senders of letters to do so, would impose additional labour on them, by making it necessary that they should keep accounts against those with whom they correspond, the trouble of which, and the risk of re-payment, would check, to a considerable extent, the sending of letters.

"The proposal to deprive the public of the very great convenience of paying the postage in advance, or on delivery, by the introduction of stamped covers, ought to make every one anxious to ascertain what amount of labour in the Post-office department, stamped covers and pre-payment will actually save; since it is only by extensively diminishing the time at present consumed in post-offices, that any conceivable motive can be assigned for introducing such covers, or for abolishing the optional payment of such postage."

Mr. Cooper enters into a few details of post-office business, and then proposes his plan, which is exceedingly simple. If single letters are sent at the uniform rate of one penny each, the number of letters and the amount of pence will, of course, agree. "Let," he says, "such penny letters be stamped, sorted, but not taxed,

and during the necessary progress of examining those for the delivery of a post-town, to which a letter-bag is about to be sent, let the number of such letters be ascertained, and that number would be the amount in pence, for which the postmaster of that post-town would be accountable. By this means, the very labour which stamped covers are intended to save, would be unnecessary; the revenue would be more correctly secured than it is at present, for there would scarcely be a mistake committed, and persons would enjoy the privilege of paying for letters when posted, or when delivered, as suited their convenience, or the nature of their correspondence. With regard to paid letters, no time is ever wasted in taxing them, since it is performed while taking them in at the post-office window. Let such letters be marked in red ink, as at present, and their number ascertained separately when about to be placed in a letter-bag, and the amount of pence, for which the postmaster would be accountable at whose office they were paid, would be known by their number. The few letters that would be double or treble, [but the double or treble letters will not be "*few*"] liable to the charge of twopence or threepence each, could have the numbers 2 or 3 marked on them in red or black ink, according as they were paid or unpaid when they were posted; and such letters could be reckoned each as 2 or 3 letters, when the postmaster was ascertaining the numbers about to be placed in a mail-bag. The ship and foreign letters could be also marked with numbers, corresponding to the amount of pence charged or chargeable on them for postage; thus 1s. 8d. or 2s. 6d. could be marked 20 or 30, and each letter so taxed, could be reckoned as 20 or 30 letters.

"By doing away entirely with keeping post-office accounts in pounds, shillings, and pence, and adopting the above simple plan of accounting to the public revenue for postage, a uniform penny postage could be immediately introduced, without depriving the public of the very convenient mode of optional payment. This plan could be learned by the dullest post-office official in an hour, and it possesses this immense advantage, that the public would have to learn no other post-office regulations, than what every one is at present acquainted with. I have stated, that from the very nature of business and intercourse, if optional payment of postage were continued, and a penny postage introduced, an immense majority of letters would pass through the post-office unpaid, and within the prescribed weight on which a penny was charged; and they would require scarcely any of the time of postmasters, because taxing would be needless, and the amount of postage to be paid on such letters, could be ascertained by merely numbering them, which could be effected while a necessary portion of post-office business was transacted. The only letters which would require the labour of taxing, would be the comparatively insignificant number of paid, double, treble, &c., &c., foreign, and ship-letters; but, by the easy plan of taxing such letters with numbers according to the amount in pence charged, or chargeable on them, and by the simple mental process of allowing each to count as so many letters, according to the number marked on each, very little time or labour would be occupied.

"The plan proposed in the above remarks, can be illustrated thus:—If 1000 letters were posted in London for Birmingham, and 10 should be found amongst them, liable, owing to their weight, to the charge of 2d. each, all that would be necessary to do, would be to mark each of those 10 letters with the figure 2, and during the examination of the sorter's duty, the 1000 letters in question, would number 1010, which would be the amount in pence, for which the postmaster of Birmingham would be accountable."

Several serious objections occur to us against Mr. Cooper's plan; one of which (a probability he does not contemplate) arises from the probability, that, under the new system, the number of double and treble letters will be vastly increased. Could not all *single* letters enjoy their privilege of transmission for a penny, but some check be placed on double and treble letters? Double letters, or letters above a standard weight, might be charged higher rates—say 3d., 6d., &c., and be separately accounted for. Surely, however, the combined wisdom of the Lords of the Treasury, and all who are aiding them, will strike out some unobjectionable plan which will afford security to the revenue, and security for the delivery of letters, while its simplicity may enable us to enjoy this great boon without disturbance of our ordinary habits.

\* "A Letter to the Right Honourable the Postmaster-General, showing the practicability of the Penny Postage Plan, without having recourse to stamped covers, or abolishing the optional payment of postage." By William Cooper, 1839.

## THE FUEGIAN INDIANS.

In our 43d Number we promised to give the sequel of the story of the Fuegian Indians, who were carried to England by Captain Fitzroy, in the surveying vessel the *Beagle*.

It will be remembered that they were four in number—York Minster, who was at the time of his capture twenty-six, Boat Memory, twenty, Jemmy Button, fourteen, and Fuegia Basket, nine years of age. They all arrived in perfect health in England; but although the greatest care was taken to preserve them from infection, Boat Memory was, soon after their arrival, attacked by the small-pox, which proved fatal. He had been vaccinated no less than four times, and the virus had at length appeared to take effect, when he was seized with the disease which carried him off.

Immediately on reaching England, Captain Fitzroy communicated the circumstances under which he had brought the Indians over, to the Admiralty, who declined to interfere in his management of them, but offered every assistance, and engaged to give them a passage back.

Captain Fitzroy applied to Mr. Wigram, the secretary of the Church Missionary Society, for assistance in procuring the means of education for his charge, and with the aid of this gentleman, who resided at Walthamstow, and of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the clergyman of that parish, an arrangement was made for their reception in the house of the master of the infant school at Walthamstow.

The inside of a stage-coach was taken for them, to convey them to London. They seemed to enjoy their journey very much, and were particularly struck by the repeated changing of horses. "I took them myself," says Captain Fitzroy, "from the coach-office to Walthamstow; they were glad to see me, but seemed bewildered by the multitude of new objects. Passing Charing Cross, there was a start and exclamation of astonishment from York. 'Look!' he said, fixing his eyes on the lion upon Northumberland House, which he certainly thought alive, and walking there. I never saw him show such sudden emotion at any other time. They were much pleased with the rooms prepared for them at Walthamstow; and the schoolmaster and his wife were equally pleased to find the future inmates of their house very well disposed, quiet, and cleanly people, instead of fierce and dirty savages. At Walthamstow they remained from December, 1830, till October, 1831."

Here they received much attention and kindness from many benevolent people, and received a great many presents of useful and valuable articles. Mr. Wigram and Mr. Wilson superintended their education, and Captain Fitzroy and his sister were frequent visitors.

"The attention of their instructor was directed to teaching them English, and the plainer truths of Christianity, as the first object; and the use of common tools, a slight acquaintance with husbandry, gardening, and mechanism, as the second. Considerable progress was made by the boy and girl; but the man was hard to teach, except mechanically. He took interest in smith's or carpenter's work, and paid attention to what he saw and heard about animals; but he reluctantly assisted in garden-work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees a good many words of their own languages were collected, (the boy's differed from that of the man and the girl,) and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble, were very healthy, and the two younger ones became great favourites wherever they were known."

"During the summer of 1831, his late Majesty expressed to Colonel Wood a wish to see the Fuegians, and they were taken to St. James's. His Majesty asked a great deal about their country, as well as themselves; and I hope I may be permitted to remark that, during an equal space of time, no person ever asked me so many sensible and thoroughly pertinent questions respecting the Fuegians and their country, also relating to the survey in which I had myself been engaged, as did his Majesty. Her Majesty Queen Adelaide also honoured the Fuegians by her presence, and by acts of genuine kindness which they could appreciate, and never forgot. She left the room in which they were, for a minute, and returned with one of her own bonnets, which she put upon the girl's head. Her Majesty then put one of her rings upon the girl's finger, and gave her a sum of money to buy an outfit of clothes, when she should leave England to return to her own country."

Capt. Fitzroy had entertained a hope that the partially-completed survey would be carried on, and that he should be able to return the Fuegians by the vessel appointed for that service; but finding that no such design was entertained, he chartered a vessel for the

express purpose of carrying them home. Just as he had completed this arrangement, his intentions were communicated to the Lords of the Admiralty, who very shortly afterwards appointed him to the command of the *Beagle*, with instructions to pursue the survey of the South American shores, and afterwards complete the circuit of the globe; a service which occupied five years in execution. The necessary orders were given for the conveyance of the Indians, and of a young man, named Matthews, who (at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and some other benevolent people, who had raised a subscription for the purpose,) had volunteered "to accompany and remain with the Fuegians, in order to attempt to teach them such useful arts as might be thought suited to their gradual civilisation." He was intended to have had a companion, but none could be found in time.

In October, 1831, the party from Walthamstow arrived in a steam-vessel at Plymouth, and not a few boats were required to transport to the ship the large cargo of clothes, tools, crockery-ware, books, and various things, which the families at Walthamstow, and other kind-hearted persons, had given.

The *Beagle* sailed on the 27th December, 1831; but, in consequence of necessary delays at Rio de Janeiro and other places, the land of Tierra del Fuego was not seen until the 15th December, 1832. Three days after, some of the natives came on board. We are told, it was amusing and interesting to see their meeting with York and Jemmy, "who would not acknowledge them as countrymen, but laughed and mocked at them."

On the 19th of January Captain Fitzroy set out with his charge, including Matthews, with the intention of settling the whole party together in Jemmy Button's country, where York Minster and Fuegia, who had struck up a match on the passage, had expressed their desire to be landed. Captain Fitzroy was pleased with this determination, but "he little thought what a deep scheme York Minster had laid." The next day, he tells us, that "Several natives were seen, but as Jemmy told us they were not his friends, and often made war upon his people, we held very little intercourse with them. York laughed heartily at the first we saw, calling them large monkeys; and Jemmy assured us they were not at all like his people, who were very good and very clean. Fuegia was shocked and ashamed; she hid herself, and would not look at them a second time. It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates; for it turned out that Jemmy's own tribe was as inferior in every way as the worst of those whom he and York called 'monkeys—dirty—fools—not men.'"

On the 22d of January they "entered a cove near the Murray Narrows; and from a small party of Tekeekia natives, Jemmy's friends, whom we found there, he heard of his mother and brothers, but found that his father was dead. Poor Jemmy looked very grave and mysterious at the news, but showed no other symptom of sorrow. He reminded Bennett of the dream, (related in the previous chapter,)\* and then went for some green branches, which he burned, watching them with a solemn look: after which he talked and laughed as usual; never once, of his own accord, recurring to the subject of his father's decease. The language of this small party, who were the first of Jemmy's own tribe whom we met, seemed softer and less guttural than those of the 'bad men,' whom we had passed near the clay cliffs; and the people themselves seemed much better disposed, though as abject and degraded in outward appearance as any Fuegians I had ever seen. There were three men and two women: when first we were seen they all ran away, but upon two of our party landing and advancing quietly, the men returned and were soon at their ease. Jemmy and York then tried to speak to them; but to our surprise, and much to my sorrow, we found that Jemmy had almost forgotten his native language, and that, of the two, York, although belonging to another tribe, was rather the best interpreter. In a few minutes the natives comprehended that we should do them no harm; and they then called back their women, who were hiding in the woods, and established themselves, very confidently, in a wigwam within a hundred yards of our tents. Being within a few hours' pull (row) of Jemmy's 'own land,' which he called Woollŷa, we all felt eager, though anxious, and I was much gratified by seeing that Matthews still looked at his hazardous undertaking as steadily as ever, betraying no symptom of hesitation. The attentions which York paid to his intended wife, Fuegia, afforded much amusement to our party. He had long shown himself attached to her, and had gra-

\* He had dreamt that a figure appeared to him and told him his father was dead.

dually become excessively jealous of her good-will. If any one spoke to her, he watched every word; if he was not sitting by her side, he grumbled sulkily; but if he was accidentally separated, and obliged to go in a different boat, his behaviour became sullen and morose. This evening he was quizzed so much about her that he became seriously angry, and I was obliged to interpose to prevent a quarrel between him and one of his steadiest friends."

On landing at Wooliŷa they were much pleased by its situation, and Jemmy was very proud of the praises bestowed on his land. They were soon visited by the natives, but Jemmy and his companions had lost so much of their native tongue as to find it difficult to communicate with their countrymen. The crew of the yawl set about cutting wood, digging ground for a garden, and making wigwams for Matthews, York, and Jemmy; meantime, "Canoes continued to arrive; their owners hauled them ashore on the beach, sent the women and children to old wigwams at a little distance, and hastened themselves to see the strangers. While I was engaged in watching the proceedings at our encampment, and poor Jemmy was getting out of temper at the quizzing he had to endure on account of his countrymen, whom he had extolled so highly until in sight, a deep voice was heard shouting from a canoe more than a mile distant. Up started Jemmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distributing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and, upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed, 'My brother!' He then told me that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small, and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him before she hastened away to secure her canoe, and hide her property, all she possessed—a basket containing tinder, fire-stone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jemmy; and the brothers (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy, and all round him, without uttering a word. Animals when they meet show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified, and, to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as his own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences, in which English predominated. After a few minutes had elapsed, his elder brother began to talk to him; but although Jemmy understood what was said, he could not reply. York and Fuegia were able to understand some words, but could not, or did not choose to speak. This first evening of our stay at Wooliŷa was rather an anxious one; for although the natives seemed inclined to be quite friendly, and they all left us at sun-set, according to their inviolable practice, it was hard to say what mischief might not be planned by so numerous a party, fancying, as they probably would, that we were inferior to them in strength, because so few in number. Jemmy passed the evening with his mother and brothers, in their wigwam, but returned to us to sleep. York, also, and Fuegia, were going about among the natives at their wigwams, and the good effect of their intercourse and explanations, such as they were, was visible the next day (24th), in the confident, familiar manner of the throng which surrounded us while we began to dig ground for gardens, as well as cut wood for large wigwams, in which Matthews and his party were to be established. Canoes still arrived, but their owners seemed as well-disposed as the rest of the natives, many of whom assisted us in carrying wood, and bringing bundles of grass or rushes to thatch the wigwams, which they saw we were making, in a pleasant sheltered spot, near a brook of excellent water. One wigwam was for Matthews, another for Jemmy, and a third for York and Fuegia. York told me that Jemmy's brother was 'very much friend,' that the country was 'very good land,' and that he wished to stay with Jemmy and Matthews. A small plot of ground was selected near the wigwams, and, during our stay, dug, planted, and sowed with potatoes, carrots, turnips, beans, peas, lettuce, onions, leeks, and cabbages. Jemmy soon clothed his mother and brothers, by the assistance of his friends. For a garment which I sent the old woman, she returned me a large quantity of fish, all she had to offer; and when she was dressed, Jemmy brought her to see me. His brothers speedily became rich in old clothes, nails, and tools, and the eldest were soon known among the seamen as Tommy Button and Harry Button, but the younger ones usually staid at their wigwams, which were about a quarter of a mile distant. So quietly did affairs proceed, that the following day (25th) a few of our people went on the hills in search of guanocoes; many were

seen, but they were too wild to approach. An old man arrived, who was said to be Jemmy's uncle, his father's brother; and many strangers came, who seemed to belong to the Yapoo Tekeenia tribe. Jemmy did not like their visit: he said they were bad people, 'no friends.' \* \* \* \*

"During the first four days in which we had so many natives about us, of course some thefts were committed, but nothing of consequence was stolen. I saw one man talking to Jemmy Button, while another picked his pocket of a knife, and even the wary York lost something, but from Fuegia they did not take a single article; on the contrary, their kindness to her was remarkable, and among the women she was quite a pet. \* \* \*

"In the evening, Matthews and his party—Jemmy, York, and Fuegia—went to their abode in the three new wigwams. In that made for Matthews, Jemmy also took up his quarters at first; it was high and roomy for such a construction; the space overhead was divided by a floor of boards, brought from the ship, and there most of Matthews' stores were placed; but the most valuable articles were deposited in a box, which was hid in the ground underneath the wigwam, where fire could not reach. Matthews was steady, and as willing as ever; neither York nor Jemmy had the slightest doubt of their being all well-treated."

But notwithstanding these flattering assurances, Captain Fitzroy had great misgivings as to the fate of Matthews, and on returning after a short cruise, he found that "the new settler gave a bad account of the prospect which he saw before him, and told me tant he did not think himself safe among such a set of utter savages as he found them to be, notwithstanding Jemmy's assurances to the contrary. No violence had been committed beyond holding down his head by force, as if in contempt of his strength; but he had been harshly threatened by several men, and from the signs used by them, he felt convinced they would take his life. During the last few days, his time had been altogether occupied in watching his property. At first there were only a few quiet natives about him, who were inoffensive; but three days after our departure, several canoes full of strangers to Jemmy's family arrived, and from that time Matthews had had no peace by day, and very little rest at night. Some of them were always on the look-out for an opportunity to snatch up and run off with some tool or article of clothing, and others spent the greater part of each day in his wigwam, asking for everything they saw, and often threatening him when he refused to comply with their wishes. More than one man went out in a rage, and returned immediately with a large stone in his hand, making signs that he would kill Matthews if he did not give him what was demanded. Sometimes a party of them gathered round Matthews, and, if he had nothing to give them, teased him by pulling the hair of his face, pushing him about, and making mouths at him. His only partisans were the women; now and then he left Jemmy to guard the hut, and went to the natives' wigwams, where the women always received him kindly, making room for him by their fire, and giving him a share of whatever food they had, without asking for anything in return. \* \*

"York and Fuegia fared very well; they lost nothing; but Jemmy was sadly plundered, even by his own family. Our garden, upon which much labour had been bestowed, had been trampled over repeatedly, although Jemmy had done his best to explain its object and prevent people from walking there. When questioned about it, he looked very sorrowful, and, with a slow shake of the head, said, 'My people very bad; great fool; know nothing at all; very great fool.' It was soon decided that Matthews should not remain."

After a long cruise, their vessels again visited Wooliŷa; and Captain F. says:—

"The wigwams in which I had left York, Jemmy, and Fuegia, were found empty, though uninjured; the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up by us, and eaten at my table, a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible anywhere; the wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months; and an anxious hour or two passed, after the ship was moored, before three canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily towards us, from the place now called Button Island. Looking through a glass, I saw that two of the natives in them were washing their faces, while the rest were paddling with might and main; I was then sure that some of our acquaintances were there, and in a few minutes recognised Tommy Button, Jemmy's brother. In the other canoe was a face which I knew, yet could not name. 'It must be some one I have seen before,' said I,—when his sharp eye detected me, and a sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me it was, indeed, Jemmy Button—but how altered!



I could hardly restrain my feelings; and I was not, by any means, the only one so touched by his squalid, miserable appearance. He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. We hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half an hour he was sitting with me at dinner in my cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly as if he had never left us. He spoke as much English as ever; and, to our astonishment, his companions, his wife, his brothers, and their wives, mixed broken English words in their talking with him. Jemmy recollected every one well, and was very glad to see them all, especially Mr. Bynoe and James Bennett. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was 'hearty, sir, never better,\* that he had not been ill, even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he had got 'plenty fruits,'† 'plenty birdies,'‡ 'ten guanaco in snow time,' and 'too much fish.' Besides, though he said nothing about her, I soon heard that there was a good-looking young woman in his canoe, who was said to be his wife. Directly this became known, shawls, bands, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's safe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying, until Jemmy again showed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother Tommy called out in a loud tone, 'Jemmy Button, canoe, come!' After some time, the three canoes went ashore, laden with presents; and their owners promised to come again early next morning. Jemmy gave a fine otter-skin to me, which he had dressed and kept purposely; another he gave to Bennett. Next morning Jemmy shared my breakfast, and then we had a long conversation by ourselves; the result of which was, that I felt quite decided not to make a second attempt to place Matthews among the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Jemmy told me that he knew very little of his own language; that he spoke some words of English, and some Tekeenia, when he talked to his family; and that they all understood the English words he used. York and Fuegia left him some months before our arrival, and went in a large canoe to their own country: the last act of that cunning fellow was to rob poor Jemmy of all his clothes, nearly all the tools his Tekeenia 'friends' had left him, and various other necessities. Fuegia was dressed as usual, and looking well, when they decamped: her helpmate was also well-clothed, and had hardly lost anything I had left with him. Jemmy said, 'York very much jaw,' 'pick up big stones,' 'all men afraid.' Fuegia seemed to be very happy, and quite contented with her lot. Jemmy asserted that she helped to 'catch (steal) his clothes,' while he was asleep the night before York left him naked. Not long after my departure, in February, 1833, the much-dreaded Oens-men came in numbers, overland, to Woollya, obliged Jemmy's tribe to escape to the small islands, and carried off every valuable which his party had not time to remove. They had, doubtless, heard of the houses and property left there, and hastened to seize upon it—like other 'borderers.' Until this time, York had appeared to be settled, and quite at ease; but he had been employed about a suspiciously large canoe, just finished when the inroad was made. He saved this canoe, indeed escaped in it, and afterwards induced Jemmy and his family to accompany him, 'to look at his land.' They went together in four canoes, (York's large one, and three others) as far west as Devil Island, at the junction of the north-west and south-west arms of the Beagle Channel: there they met York's brother, and some others of the Alikhooolip tribe; and, while Jemmy was asleep, all the Alikhooolip party stole off, taking nearly all Jemmy's things, and leaving him in his original condition. York's fine canoe was evidently not built for transporting himself alone; neither was the meeting with his brother accidental. I am now quite sure that from the time of his changing his mind, and desiring to be placed at Woollya, with Matthews and Jemmy, he meditated taking a good opportunity of possessing himself of everything; and that he thought, if he were left in his own country without Matthews, he would not have many good things given to him, neither would he know where he might afterwards look for and plunder poor Jemmy.

"I cannot help (thus Captain Fitzroy concludes his story), still hoping that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people, Jemmy, York, and Fuegia, with other

natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from Jemmy Button's children; prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour."

## GÜTTINGEN

Is rather a well-built and handsome-looking town, with a decided look of the middle ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and, like the rest of the German university towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library, and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture each on his own account at his own house, of which the basement-floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with the nine-story houses and the narrow streets, which impart the compact, secure look, peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheepcote, and looked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton of framework filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes; and as they are built, to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers. Hence it is not uncommon to find a professor occupying the two lower stories or strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer-seller conveniently upon the student, a washerwoman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top: a pyramid, with a poet for its apex and a professor for the base!

As we passed the old Gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house a party of students smoking and playing billiards, and I recognised some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty of others of all varieties; some, with plain caps and clothes, and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left, and avoided collision with every one they met. These were "camels," or studious students returning from lecture; others swaggered along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands and bull-dogs at their heels: these were dressed in marvellously fine caps and Polonaise coats covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renommists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting quart and tierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion, "Remember thy swashing blow!"

All along the street I saw, on looking up, the heads and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking-caps and heterogeneous-looking dressing-gowns, with the long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed, in many instances, a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street-pumps.—*Morton of Morton's Hope.*

\* "A favourite saying of his, formerly."

† "Excrescences on the birch-trees, and berries."

‡ "For a Fuegian."

## WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

## THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S VILLA, AT CHISWICK.

We suppose everybody knows Turnham-green, whether from approaching in gala-attire by Kensington and Hammersmith, or by Shepherd's-bush, and Gold-hawk-lane, (part of the long-deserted Roman road to "Regnum," lately restored to its pristine usefulness,) to "assist" at the Horticultural fêtes; or merely as we ourselves knew it in our youth, from the answer to the question, "Why should a bad cook take her peas to Hammersmith?" Because it is the way to Turn 'em green! Silly as this pun-riddle may appear, it has since acquired dignity in our eyes, from knowing it to have been bandied about by the wits of the last age; and it never fails to recal Goldsmith, that child of nature, with all his Irish blunders, to our recollection; as he is said to have pronounced it, with the answer: "because it is the way to *make 'em green*," and then to have wondered that nobody saw the wit! Well, then, mid-way in Turnham-green, on the left, a broad carriage-way bordered by fine young lime-trees, leads to the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated villa at Chiswick. The use of this road has been kindly granted by the duke to the Horticultural Society as the entrance to their garden; the simple gateway of which we pass on the right. The luxuriant and rapid growth of the lime-trees in this avenue is quite remarkable; no doubt owing to the careful treatment they have received. We remember some three years ago being surprised to see two men busily engaged at one of these trees; one of them had mounted a short ladder, which rested against the trunk, and was shaking the boughs, while his companion looked eagerly on the ground as if expecting to find some rich booty in the way of cherries or apples! On inquiring of the man we found that he was *looking for caterpillars*, this being the way in which trees are cleared of them in France and Germany, though the practice is almost unknown here; indeed, our continental neighbours are far before us in everything relating to entomology, as may be seen by the works of Kollar and others. At the end of this road a beautiful gate has been erected quite recently, which for a combination of chasteness, with elegance and simplicity, does infinite credit to the duke's taste. The rage for everything in the Louis Quatorze style has extended even to gateways; witness the gaudy entrance to Lord Holland's park, at Kensington, where so much gilding is crowded into a very confined space. In the present instance the gilding, which is but sparingly applied, only serves to heighten and relieve the white parts of the gate, which would otherwise appear glaring and monotonous. Some few years back this identical gate formed the entrance to Heathfield-house, situated at the further extremity of Turnham-green, and lately pulled down. Spacious as it still is, it was then much higher and wider, and always formed a conspicuous object from the road. There is a tradition that it was fabricated in Spain; and though making rather too great a demand on our credulity, yet we love to record it, as it shows how intimately Spain was connected in the minds of the people with the hero of Gibraltar, Lord Heathfield, who inhabited till his death the house which bore his name. Passing through this gate, we cross what was, two years ago, a market-garden, but which is now converted into a "pleasaunce," with emerald turf and gay exotics, when we arrive at another gate, and a road bordered by a quadruple avenue of lime-trees, their branches curiously trained so as to exclude the rays of the sun in the side-walks. This road conducts to the entrance front of the house, and, by a side-door, to the garden. The well-known liberality of the noble proprietor renders a visit to his house and grounds of easy attainment, and availing ourselves of his kind permission we presented ourselves at this door, where by the courtesy of the gardener, we were at once admitted, as if by magic, into a land "of *faërie*;" so beautiful did the flower-garden and the conservatories with their rich stained glass and chandeliers appear to us. From the centre conservatory a broad grass-walk bordered by flowers and tall hollyhocks leads in a straight line to a small private gate into the Horticultural Gardens.

This walk has been made for the convenience of the duke since he has been chosen president of the society. A curious undulating yew hedge or screen, upwards of twenty feet high, forms a sort of boundary between the flower-garden and pleasure-ground. As we entered the latter, we were reminded of the duke's inherent goodness on seeing a most tempting swing suspended between two trees, near which stood another enticing apparatus, being no less than a "see-saw," which his Grace has had placed here for the amusement of his young relatives, the children of the Earl of Burlington, who are his frequent visitors.

The house itself is justly styled a villa, not being remarkable either for extent or elevation; but it possesses a certain richness of detail and harmony of design, which renders it particularly beautiful. It was planned and constructed by the celebrated Earl of Burlington,\* (who was also the architect of Burlington-house, in Piccadilly,) in the beginning of the last century, on the model of a Palladian villa, at Vicenza.† Before the wings were added from the designs of Wyatt, it is difficult to imagine how it could be fit, from its want of accommodation, for even the temporary residence of a nobleman; and we cannot be surprised that the witty Lord Hervey should have said of it, that "it was too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch."

The portico, which is of the richest possible character, is considered particularly beautiful. We remember visiting it in company with a young architect, who was so riveted to the spot that he could only be induced to make the tour of the grounds when he had settled that he should come back for a whole day to study it, and make drawings! There are some fine old cedars on each side of the approach, which Lord Holland is of opinion were planted by his ancestor, Sir Stephen Fox, (whose house stood on the site of the present flower-garden) in the reign of Charles the Second; they have been lopped of their lower branches, and raise their denuded stems as high as the house itself, where they branch out in broad horizontal masses, such as Martin loves to paint. But nothing can equal the beauty of the cedars on the lawn, planted at a more recent date, which feather in a most wonderful manner down to the ground; or rather whose magnificent branches extend for many yards on the ground, covered with foliage and young cones. Continuing our walk to the right of the house we arrive at a fine piece of water, and on ascending a gentle elevation, we have an extensive view of the Thames, and the villages on its banks; while, on the other hand, where the ground slopes down to the water, the eye rests on a wilderness of verdure, out of which the long clear stems of the forest-trees shoot up to a gigantic height. So completely is art concealed here, that no one would ever suppose that this raised ground is artificial; and that the water, which is quite clear and transparent, has been supplied by human labour. The popular tradition is, that one severe winter a former Duke of Devonshire employed a number of men to excavate the ground, and form a mound on one side with the mould; and the greater elevation of this mound at one end than at the other is accounted for, by its being said that the duke ordered the workmen to wheel part of the mould back again when he was informed that the work was done; so anxious was the duke to give employment to his poor neighbours. This elevated walk is the boundary of the pleasure-ground, beyond which there is an extensive park stocked with deer. We were much pleased to see that the present duke, with a true perception of the beautiful, has had an opening made into this park, for the display of one of the finest plane-trees we ever remember to have seen. Crossing the river by a stone bridge, we found the building still remaining in which Sadi, the most sagacious of elephants, had died. We remember seeing him some years ago perform a variety of manoeuvres at the word of

\* The Duke of Devonshire's grandfather married the only child of this Earl of Burlington, as whose death the title became extinct. It was conferred in 1831, on his Grace's uncle, Lord George Cavendish, whose grandson, the present earl, is now heir-presumptive to the duke's vast possessions.

† This villa is now for sale, and we have been told that it was offered to the Duke of Devonshire this last summer when he was in Italy, for a few hundred pounds.



command. When told to dress himself, he would take down a scarlet cloak from a peg and throw it with a jaunty air over his ample shoulders; and then kneel down for any of the spectators to mount for a ride: after which, he would replace his cloak, take up a bucket and fetch it full of water from the river, and seizing a broom or a scrubbing-brush, would begin cleaning his house. There used also to be a fine coatimundi, and other nut-eating animals, very appropriately colonised here under a spreading walnut-tree, where they could crack their nuts *ad libitum*, and fancy themselves in their native forests. They have all been recently removed to Chatsworth.

In another part of the grounds is a beautiful temple, near which are tastefully disposed a number of antique statues, vases, and other sculptural embellishments, brought from Italy by the Earl of Burlington. Among the statues, three representing Roman emperors were dug up from the ruins of Adrian's Villa, in Rome; they are of beautiful workmanship. A number of seats, which are placed at intervals, we also found on inquiry, to have been brought from the Roman forum. These seats are oblong blocks of stone, somewhat discoloured by age; and on each is the representation of a cloth thrown over the top, and hanging in graceful folds over the ends and sides.

Having presented our readers with some of the leading features of the exterior, we will now introduce him into the house itself, which is replete with interest, and to Mrs. Hughes, the most charming of housekeepers. The entrance to the principal floor is by a double flight of steps, at the top of which is the portico, before mentioned; the ground story, as in most Italian houses, being appropriated to the domestics. Here we were met by Mrs. Hughes, who has had the superintendence of the establishment for thirty-six years. Never has it been our lot to encounter a person of her class so thoroughly imbued with a love of pictures; no trouble seemed too much for her, so that we did but look at and admire them. She quite won our hearts, too, from the way in which she had treasured up the remarks of Dr. Waagen, (of whom she spoke highly, for his affability and condescension,)—telling us, that one particular painter was deficient in drawing the hand, another in drapery, &c. She has seen almost every crowned head in Europe: and what we considered infinitely more worth seeing, a host of poets, statesmen, philosophers, and painters, of this, and other countries.

The fine collection of pictures, which contains some gems, was made chiefly by the Earl of Burlington. Unfortunately, many of them are so badly situated with respect to light, owing to the peculiar form of the house, as to be very imperfectly seen. There are three beautiful Guidos, and numerous other works of the Italian school. There is an interesting full-length portrait of Mary Stuart, admired by Waagen for its expression; and we were much gratified at seeing an altar-piece, by John Van Eyck, representing the Holy Family, which, Horace Walpole is of opinion, contains the portraits of Lord Clifford's family, in the reign of Henry the Second, and one of the kneeling figures is pointed out as Fair Rosamond. The whole picture has quite a different character from those of a later date: it is small, and is divided into three compartments. The colours are singularly brilliant, considering that it is at least four hundred years old, and the countenances are expressive and animated. Van Eyck was the father of oil-painting, and his works show the first dawning of perspective, which before his time was utterly disregarded. We have very few of his paintings in England, our taste being, we fear, more for what will have a good effect in a room, than for delicacy of execution. There are miniatures of the Emperor Nicholas and his Empress, in the dining-room; in the former we thought we could distinguish the decision and kingly qualities for which he is celebrated—the face is decidedly handsome. Three rooms forming a kind of gallery of statues still remain in exactly the same state in which they were in the time of Lord Burlington; the walls and doors are white and gold, and the ceiling is surprisingly rich and beautiful.

The furniture of the bedrooms is extremely simple; in one of them the chintz-hangings were the choice of the "beautiful Duchess," and the roses looked as fresh and bright as if the curtains had only just come from the hands of the upholsterer. The housekeeper, however, anticipates great alterations as soon as the improvements at Chatsworth are completed; and no doubt much will also be done out of doors. On the principal floor, the room and bed are shown in which Charles James Fox expired, on the 13th of September, 1806; and it is singular, that Lord Lauderdale, his most intimate friend, whose obsequies have only just taken place, should have died on the same day, at an interval of thirty-three years; their birth-days were also the same, (24th of January,) though Mr. Fox was ten years older than his lordship. How well do we remember the sensation caused by the death of the gifted George Canning, which also took place at this villa, in 1827. The room on the upper floor, where this unexpected event occurred, possesses a melancholy interest.

We might have lingered for hours in the "summer-parlour," and china-room, (for I am sure good Mrs. Hughes would not have been tired,) if the gradual decrease of light had not warned us, that sun-set was approaching. Leaving the domain by the Chiswick-gate, (till very recently the main-entrance,) we could only bestow a moment on the tomb of Hogarth, in the church-yard; and with an indifferent pun or two in honour of Joe Miller, who is said to have lived at Chiswick, we regained the high road, and were soon rattling away towards the busy metropolis.

#### SOCIALISM.

HALF a century ago, and down to a later period, there walked the streets of Glasgow a worthy and a wealthy man, to whom the titles of Mr. and Esq. were seldom applied, but who was popularly and familiarly known as David Dale. This man had been emphatically "one of the people;" he had literally known the want, and felt the extreme value, of a penny—for he had been a pedlar, or "chapman," and also a poor journeyman weaver, in the days of his youth. But he was one of those whom the mechanical genius of a barber raised into extraordinary wealth; he had, if we are not mistaken, some connexion with Sir Richard Arkwright: at all events, he was among the first, if not the first, who introduced the cotton manufacture into Scotland. But David Dale, even in his wealthiest days, never forgot that he had been a poor man; and though elevated to the rank of a magistrate of Glasgow, and thus honoured with the title of "baillie," and required to appear, with his brother magistrates, in "cocked hat" and chain, still was he to be seen attending the little obscure Independent church, of which he was a conspicuous member, and shaking hands with the poorest of his brethren. In truth, his was a large and a liberal soul; he "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame:" and a saying was long attributed to him by his fellow-citizens (who loved the honest simplicity of his character), that, when remonstrated with for the profusion of his charities, he replied, in a blunt but characteristic manner, that "God was giving him riches in shovelful, and it was the least he could do to deal it out by spoonsful."

There must have been poetry as well as piety in the composition of David Dale. The site which he selected for his cotton-mills, and the village which sprang up around them under the name of New LANARK, was perhaps as romantic a one as might be found in Scotland. Within a mile of the Falls of Clyde, in the midst of fine scenery, in a country full of historical associations, connected with Wallace in earlier times, and the Covenanters in later, and about a mile from Lanark, an old town, built on a hill which rises abruptly from the Clyde, and which gives name to the county, one might have thought that David Dale had conceived the idea of marrying the hard, iron-hearted genius of manufacture

to the gentle, sylvan spirit, who delights in woods, and rocks, and rushing rivers. But David Dale, if he had any such poetic notions, was, at least, a practical poet; he introduced schools into his mills, encouraged amongst his work-people the practice of cleanliness, which is said to be next to godliness, and the love of godliness, which is affirmed to be "great gain." New Lanark Mills might have been taken as a pattern for all the factories of the kingdom: the master moved amongst his men as if they were his fellow-men, to whom it was his business to supply, not only work, but, if possible, comfort, intelligence, and happiness; and the men in general felt that he, to whose combination of capital and skill and forethought they were indebted for comfortable existence, was a worthy—a true noble of nature, or rather we should say, one of the princes of Christianity.

David Dale died in 1806: but his son-in-law, Robert Owen, became the manager and partner of a company, which had, either before or after David Dale's death, become the owners of New Lanark Mills. Robert Owen followed out the "greatest happiness" practice of his father-in-law, but he did it on a far different principle. We know not how long he might have been in maturing his views of human nature, and his plans for the amelioration of society; but, from about the years 1816 and 1817, he and New Lanark Mills became well known to the public through the means of the press. He was in our "great city" in 1817, proposing plans for the erection of villages, where the employments of manufacture and agriculture might be combined. His plans came under the consideration of the legislature, then engaged in investigating the operation of the Poor Laws. He addressed "all sects, classes, and parties" of the British empire;—he was assailed and defended;—to visit the Falls of Clyde, New Lanark Mills, to see the schools, the children, the people, and the philanthropist, became a distinct object with tourists; and Owen himself was not idle, visiting London, and addressing the public, orally and through the press. His plans were assailed, in 1824, in the House of Lords, by the late Earl of Lauderdale, to whose attack Owen promptly replied.

Meantime, it was a period of great distress and great political discontent: in all the manufacturing districts, what was called "radicalism" appeared ready to burst forth, and overwhelm the country; and the agriculturists were suffering as well. It then occurred to a number of individuals, that, without pledging themselves to Owen's principles, they might try his plans on an extended scale: a subscription-list was proposed, for the purpose of making an experiment, and trying if it were not possible to form "Happy Valleys" over the length and breadth of the land; and a landed proprietor, Mr. Hamilton, of Dalzell, freely offered a tract of 600 acres, on the north bank of the river Clyde, not far from the town of Hamilton, and about midway between Lanark and Glasgow. The subscription-list gradually filled, during the years 1821 and 1822; the buildings, on an extensive scale, were begun; the land was laid out; and a kind of commotion began to prevail amongst the workmen of Scotland about this "new society" experiment. But, alas! the experiment was very sadly managed, and some 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* bunglingly thrown away. In this "Mutual Co-operative Association," it was all talk, and far too little work; we recollect visiting it not very long after its establishment, and the wolf was already, not only at the gate, but within the walls of "New Society." We found a huge barrack-like building (a portion only of an extensive plan) in the midst of fields, with people, some idling about, a few at work, as if for amusement, and others looking dismally on. We found a printing-office, from which the "new society" publications were to issue, and illuminate "old society;" and the types lay uselessly scattered about. Youths were practising in one building on wind

instruments, and making a horrible noise; children, who had been taught by a lady to sing a hymn, about "the veil that blinds the nations now," were romping in the play-ground, but the all-attractive "swing" was broken down. In a romantic dell there were a forge and a water-wheel: but, though the stream flowed, the wheel did not turn; and the man who was working at the forge was not working on the principles of mutual co-operation. In the barracks, a notice intimated that a meeting was to be held about the affairs of the community; for it was like a colony which had eaten up all its supplies, without having produced anything, while no ships were to be seen approaching the luckless shore—in fact, in this community, in which want was to be unknown, many were starving. Yet in the evening there was an abundant turnout of awkward dancers in the dancing-room, which was but dismally lit-up; and a man dressed in a peculiar "new society" fashion, with turn-over collar, magnificent whiskers, fine mustachios, and curling locks, discoursed to a few visitors on the dawning regeneration of the human race.

We left Orbiston (we believe that was its name) with a very painful feeling, for it was clear, that, whatever might be the merits of co-operation, here, at least, a fine experiment was ruined. The surrounding country people called the place "Babylon," and said it was "doomed" from the beginning. It was certainly a great offence to the quiet sober inhabitants of the neighbouring farms and villages; it was as if a city, with all its vices and without a police, had been set down in the midst of fields; and the feelings of country-bred people, accustomed to attend church and read the Bible on Sundays, were wantonly and roughly offended by the noisy doings of the unrestrained and careless portion of the "new society" folk.

While this luckless experiment was in progress, Mr. Owen went to America, to establish, in Illinois, his "New Harmony;" and having retired from New Lanark Mills in 1827, he has since been wandering between the old world and the new, propagating his opinions with greater or less success. At present they are spreading in England; and those whom we may term his followers have substituted the name of Socialism for Co-operation. The "Rational Socialists" exist in an organised form; they have a weekly periodical, called the "New Moral World," and it has been announced lately that an estate of 507 acres, near Southampton, has been secured, for the purpose of making an attempt in England to establish a mutual community society.

Besides the "Rational Socialists," who are, at present, very active in diffusing their principles, there are socialists who profess to take the New Testament for their guide, and who, therefore, may be termed "Christian Socialists." In one of their recent publications, called a "Tract for the Times," and which is put out by one who calls himself an "Evangelical Reformer," a proposal is made to found "a Christian community, after the manner of the early disciples of Christ." The idea that the early Christians were socialists has always been a very prevalent one, and has the sanction of Gibbon. "The community of goods," says Gibbon, "which had so agreeably amused the imagination of Plato, and which existed in some degree among the austere sect of the Essenians, was adopted for a short time in the primitive church. The fervour of the first proselytes prompted them to sell those worldly possessions which they despised, to lay the price of them at the feet of the apostles, and to content themselves with receiving an equal share out of the general distribution."

However we may differ about Gibbon's opinions, it seems almost impertinence to question his facts. But we think we will be able to convince some of our readers, that, in attributing a "community of goods" to the church at Jerusalem, he has been led away

by the prevalent notion. In fact, looking at the narrative in the Acts of the Apostles, it appears to us wonderful that such an idea as that of there having been "a community of goods" should ever have arisen.

There are only two passages from which the notion of a "community of goods" can be drawn, and we will quote them:—"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." . . . "Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

Supposing that this "community of goods" did not spring from any law of the church, but from a spontaneous but tacit enthusiasm, we cannot think that public opinion among these Christians would allow of any exceptions, but that, as all inequalities in temporal condition had been destroyed—as rich and poor were reduced to the same level—as all received alike from the common stock—so none could heartily join this social community who did not submit to the equal and general law. Ananias "sold a possession, and kept back part of the price." For what did Peter so sternly rebuke him? For the mean hypocrisy of pretending that a part was the whole, and thus trying to get a character on false pretences? or for the breach of a conventional law, and thus wronging his other brethren, who had put *all* they had into a common stock? or for both the lie *and* the cheat? Let Peter answer. "Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold was it not in thy power?" Most distinctly implying, that the entire matter was voluntary, and that not even the compulsion of opinion compelled Ananias, either to sell his property, or, after it was sold, to give up the purchase-money. "Whiles it remained," it was his own, as long as he pleased to keep it; "after it was sold," it was quite at his option to give up a fourth, or a third, or a half, or the whole—whatever he liked. On the idea of a "community of goods," the question of Peter would have implied an injustice and an absurdity: for even supposing, as we have said, that no law of the church had been made, but that the "community of goods" was a spontaneous thing, arising out of an enthusiastic tacit agreement, still, to say that Ananias was quite welcome to have kept a portion of the purchase-money of his estate, when all the rest had put all they had into a common stock, and were all receiving alike, would have been, of itself, an infraction of the understood rules of this social community.

Again, for what purpose were deacons appointed in the early Christian church at Jerusalem? To take care of, and provide for, the wants of the poor. The *poor*! Why, the idea of a "social community" banishes the word poverty altogether. *Poor* in a community where every one's goods were put into a common stock, and, in the language of Gibbon, where they contented "themselves with receiving an equal share out of the general distribution!" Recollect that the deacons were appointed, in the first instance, because the "widows" were neglected, these widows being foreigners: "there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." If every man and woman received an equal share in the "daily ministration," how should it happen that the "widows" were the first to suffer injustice? Is it not far more probable that the "daily ministration" was a ministration to the wants of the *poor*, instead of being a doling out of rations to the whole community? and that with the increase of "disciples" there was, of course, an increase of poor; and that thus the poor foreign widows came to be overlooked?

If the reader takes any interest in this matter, and will quietly read the passages referring to it in the Acts of the Apostles with an unprejudiced mind, he will, we think, come to the following conclusions:—There was no "social community" in the early church at Jerusalem. But in the first excitement produced by the preaching of the apostles, along with a belief in the approaching

destruction of Jerusalem, which was considered equivalent to the end of the world, and the re-appearing of the "Son of Man," many converted landed proprietors sold their property, and put it into a common stock for the behoof of the poor, this common stock being made up of voluntary contributions; and, in that spirit of loving equality which possessed them all, the richer members did not "say," or imply, that "aught of the things which they possessed were their own," but freely made their poorer brethren welcome to whatever they might require. In the only two passages from which the notion of a "community of goods" can be possibly extracted, there is a phrase made use of, quite opposed to it—"distribution was made unto every man, according as he had need."

To our minds, there does not appear, from the narrative, the slightest—we say the slightest—ground for belief, that in the early Christian church at Jerusalem there was "a community of goods." Such a proceeding, by reducing all men to the same level in temporal condition, and creating a social equality in the church, would, at the very outset, have struck at the root of that elevating and sustaining principle, *CHRISTIAN CHARITY*; a principle which was one of the most powerful in promoting the early progress of Christianity, not by destroying the distinctions of rich and poor, but by "knitting them together in love."

But the Christian socialists are not content with having a "community of goods" in the early church at Jerusalem; they go much farther. The "Evangelical Reformer" quotes from the preface to "Rules of the National Community Friendly Society of all Classes," the following language, which he attributes to a Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester:—

"Through our selfishness, we rejected the community system of living, adopted by the believers in Jesus for the first 200 years, at least, as will appear from the following indubitable authorities:—'And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many of them as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.' (Acts vi. 32, 34, 35.) St. Justin Martyr, who flourished A.D. 140, says, in his Apology for the Christians, 'We, who loved nothing like our possessions, now produce all we have in common.' St. Irenæus, A.D. 148: 'Whereas the Jews consecrated a tenth, they who live under the liberty of the Gospel give all to the Lord's use.' Tertullian, who flourished A.D. 200, says, 'We Christians look on ourselves as one body, informed, as it were, by one soul; and being incorporated by love, we can never dispute what we are to bestow upon our own members; accordingly, among us all things are common.'"

The "community system of living" was adopted by the early Christians "for the first 200 years at least!" We really do not know that we can better meet this assertion than by another one—the "community system of living" was *not* known "for the first 200 years at least." Why, to suppose that the early Christians adopted the "community system of living" would be to blot out one half of the New Testament! All the exhortations, precepts, warnings, promises, and threatenings of the New Testament are addressed to human beings in a state of trial, caused by their living in a moveable, variable world—what is the meaning of the following, selected at mere random?—"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded." "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith." "Masters, give unto your slaves that which is just and equal." "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give."

But, in truth, it is a mere beating of the air to reply to this reckless assertion of Mr. Gadsby. The "community system of living," we repeat it, was *not* known among the early Christians "for the first 200 years at least." Had it been so, that affectionate attachment—that brotherly love—that ardent devotion,



which were so characteristic of the early Christians, could not have been so strongly developed. It would have been a chief business of Christianity to destroy, wherever it could, by its "community system of living," the distinctions of temporal condition; and as, in the law of Moses, there is no word which designates "a beggar," so from Christianity there would have been expelled the ideas, not merely of pauperism, but of riches and poverty. The passages quoted by Mr. Gadsby prove a community of love, but not a community of goods—they reveal one of the secrets of the success of Christianity—they explain to us how pagans were compelled to say, "See how these Christians love one another!"

When, by the spreading of Christianity, to be a Christian was no longer a peculiar mark of distinction, then Christians strove to be distinguished from the mass of their brethren by real or affected sanctity and seclusion. The "community system of living" arose out of the spreading and the corruption of the primitive simplicity of Christianity, though in itself the new system had much in it to recommend it. In the fourth century there were numerous associations of Cœnobites in Egypt, the name being a compound of two Greek words, signifying "living in community." These Cœnobites had four professed objects in their association: seclusion from the world; manual labour; fasting; and prayer. The Cœnobites were strictly Christian socialists, for it was an essential rule of their communities that the members should all contribute by their labour to the common support: some worked as weavers, cutlers, fullers, &c., others made mats, baskets, &c. The numbers of individuals varied from hundreds to thousands, in different establishments; and some were more strictly managed than others, having walls inclosing their gardens and wells, so that these stricter socialists, or "new society" people, might have no pretext for going out, and mingling with "old society." The whole conventual system, in all its varieties, is traced by ecclesiastical writers to these Egyptian establishments; and whatever we may now think of combinations of men and women in monasteries and nunneries, there can be no question that in rude, and dark, and troublous ages, they were depositories of learning, and nurseries of Christian charity.

What we want to establish is, that the "Christian socialists" have no example in the early Christian church, and no warrant from the precepts of the New Testament, for erecting Christian communities on social principles; and that, therefore, all schemes for constructing "National Christian Community Societies" have no other authority to recommend them than that of their utility. On this ground the "Christian Socialists" have no higher claim than the "Rational Socialists;" their projects must stand or fall by their own intrinsic merits; and the only question is, What are they worth?

Men's imaginations have always rested on a "golden age," either past or to come; the idea that it was past being in a great measure the belief of antiquity, and the idea that it is yet to come being more the hope of modern times. Heathenism was in this respect retrospective, and Christianity prospective,—only the "golden age" which Christians have been generally taught to look for, has lain more in a future life than in the present—more in heaven than on earth.

There has, however, even in the darkest days, been a "little church" of believers or hopers in a coming "golden age" upon the earth; and their numbers, at the present time, are not only considerable, but on the increase in England. Some of these think that the "golden age" is to be brought about by the progress of time, and the operation of great causes; others are impatient of mere speculation, and would set to work at once. Certainly, there is, in the highest state of civilisation to which man has yet attained, so much unnecessary misery—so much evil that could be avoided, and so much distress that might be prevented, that we cannot wonder that benevolent minds should, from time to time, turn to socialism as a remedy for the evils of society. How charming to think, that by combined labour, the long drudgery, and unequal distribution, of toil, may be done away! that starvation may be hunted out of the social inclosure! that widows may never know the bitterness of widowhood, nor orphans the miseries of deprivation! But Christian socialism has been tried again and again; it has succeeded and it has failed; and it will succeed and fail again. The well-known case of the Shakers, (of whose establishment we gave an account in No. 41 of the Journal,) is a signal instance both of the benefits and evils of socialism, for the Shakers have thriven in spite of their attempt to obstruct the great law of nature, and therefore their socialism has triumphed over a very powerful obstacle. In fact, socialism has been and

may be, made very useful in certain states of society, under certain local circumstances, and with proper management.

We understand Christian socialism to signify bodies of men, taking the New Testament as the bond of union, and, professing to act by its principles, combining to throw all their labour into a common stock for their mutual benefit. Let us, however, give it in the words of our "Evangelical Reformer," who says in his recent "Tract for the Times"—

"The labour of every member of the community should be equally given according to their strength, and the general products of their labour placed in one common store, and be equally distributed according to the need of the members. Every scientific appliance in aid of production would be used as a means of diminishing labour, and increasing the wealth and competence of the aggregated body. Here would be no dread of poverty, no bankruptcies, no fear of falling out of employment, no burning of haystacks because of the introduction of threshing-machines, no maliciously cutting warps in the loom, or destroying machinery in factories, because of the workers being thrown out of employment to starve; machinery here would work for the workmen not against them. The labour would be diminished, their leisure for the improvement of their minds would be increased, but their bread would not be taken from them by the use of the machine; there would be no strikes, because there would be no falling wages. The plenty which science would produce would increase the comforts of the workmen, who would be, under these arrangements, full sharers in its achievements.

"The parties would take their meals in a common hall, and none would know stint; for the combined labour of all, where none were idlers, would produce abundance and variety. Labour and fuel would be saved, by the economy of the kitchen, where cooking apparatus of the most approved and scientific kind would be employed. Where 400 fires, and as many cooks, are, in our present individual arrangements of separate families, now employed, one-tenth of the labour and fuel would amply serve to provide for 2000 individuals. The pleasures of a public dinner and tea-party would be every day enjoyed without any of their bustle or confusion. Constant use and scientific apparatus would render the business of serving systematic, pleasant and orderly. Botanic gardens, nurseries, and conservatories, would be respectively cultivated and reared as a delightful and instructive recreation of the leisure hours," &c., &c., &c.

Now, suppose that our modern Cœnobites were successful in cutting up society into communities such as these—what would be the result? 1. Considerable general comfort and happiness. 2. Considerable general quietude and apathy. 3. Convulsion and death. The whole history of the world—the whole adaptation of means and ends—show that life was intended to move in an "Atlantic Ocean," round the globe—to be stirred by winds and currents, now lashed into storm, now spread out in calm. But our Cœnobites would cure evils by committing greater; they would retain life in separate and distinct reservoirs; and after having cleaned their tanks, and garnished their borders with flowers, they would cheerfully resign themselves to a tranquil slumber, never dreaming that weeds would overgrow all the purposes of existence—that socialism would die.

We have no present space for entering into an examination of Mr. Owen's principles; and, indeed, on the present occasion we have purposely avoided it. Christian Socialism would indirectly but practically set aside the New Testament, but Rational Socialism boldly avows its intention of doing so. We would not say an unkind word of Mr. Owen—may, we are satisfied, that if, under Providence, he has a "mission," the labour of his life will not be thrown away. But we believe that man, whose whole structure of feelings—whose imagination, passion, pride, and action—all turn on the pivot of individualism, is not to be tamed down into a mere social community animal; and though we look for a greatly improved state of society, it will be one where the "community system of living" will be unknown, because from the general prevalence of Christian sentiment and feeling, and the improved tone of public opinion, it will be quite unnecessary.

Meantime, if philanthropists wish to try socialism, let them do it on the just principles of science—let them study political economy. Capital and labour should adjust themselves, as Dr. Arnot's hydrostatic bed is said to do—yielding wherever the slightest pressure is applied. Let colonies be founded—mutual assurance and friendly societies be established,—on the true principles of socialism, which preserves man's individuality—but iron-cast socialism is universally inapplicable, because universally impracticable.

## PNEUMATIC AND AIR ENGINES.

THE time is now past when the invention of a new machine, or a new application of an old machine, is calculated to produce alarm and bad feeling amongst the working-classes. They are now alive to the fact, that the multiplication of machinery is but another name for the multiplication of our national wealth, strength, and resources; and that in proportion as these are augmented the comforts and conveniences of the bulk of the population will be increased. That temporary evils at times arise from the forced and undue application of machinery to the manufacture of certain commodities, no one can deny; but, the distresses and ruin which sometimes attend the reckless speculations of individuals, (a sure indication of an overweening love of gain,) must not be considered as a necessary consequence of the introduction of certain machines or new modes of working—that is, they must not be looked upon as results which it is impossible to avoid, and which must follow the application of such mechanical operations as a necessity of their existence. Such a belief was at one time very prevalent, even among well-educated people; but we daresay the humblest working man is now able to discriminate the true causes of those occasional cessations from labour, which bring equalor and demoralisation in their train. They arise from the lower propensities being permitted for a time to abuse the valuable acquisitions of knowledge which have been made: in a word, from an inordinate love of wealth in individuals, in whom reflection and the higher moral sentiments are not sufficiently powerful to counterbalance and check the lower instincts. That the perfection of machinery will facilitate the civilisation of the human race, there can be no doubt; but as social improvement is slow as well as gradual, ages may be required before the truth of the assertion is brought home to universal conviction. We, therefore, look upon every accession to our stock of machinery—every new propelling power—as, to speak familiarly, another string to our bow,—another source of national wealth and social advancement.

Entertaining these views, we feel much gratification in introducing to our readers an account of what we consider a great mechanical discovery—one of those rare inventions which contain the germs of important and unexpected changes in the arts and manufactures.\* The discovery is a method of propelling machinery situated at any distance from the primary power, and is called a Pneumatic or Air Engine. This application of power independent of locality, is comprehensively termed a method of “transferring power.” It can be sub-divided as numerous and transmitted as variously as the gas which lights our streets. It is inodorous, innocuous, and not perceptibly affected by either heat or cold; it will neither burn, explode, rust, nor corrode; it is entirely independent of the formation of steam, and consequently neither wood nor coals are required for its production; and it may be conveyed from the same source so as to be made to forge the largest anchor or fabricate the finest lawn. But let us describe the construction of the works, and the manner of operating. Suppose a stream of water, either naturally descending from a mountain, or like a mill-leat, made to flow along an inclined plane, and situated several miles distant from a spot admirably calculated for establishing a manufactory. If upon this current of water, a common water-wheel be placed, and made to work exhausting-pumps, (similar to the air-pumps of steam-engines,) any vessel, or any number of vessels connected with these pumps, would be emptied of their air. Then let us suppose that a tube made of iron, or whatever will remain air-tight, and bear an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, is carried from these pumps to a large cylinder like that of a steam-engine, it is clear that this same cylinder will be exhausted of its air, and a partial vacuum will be created, as is the case when steam is condensed in the works of a steam-engine. If when this is effected the air be allowed to enter either above or below the piston, just as it happens to be either up or down at the time, then a pressure will be exerted upon it equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch of its surface, that being equivalent to the weight of the atmosphere.

\* Public attention was first, we believe, particularly directed to the subject by an article in the 12th Number of the “British and Foreign Review.” It is to this source that we are chiefly indebted for our information.

However, as the vacuum is never complete, the calculation may be made at ten pounds of effective pressure. Of course, there are arrangements and appurtenances for regulating the admission of air at the proper moment when it is wanted. These are called slides, which, changing in the usual way with every stroke of the piston, the reciprocating action goes on as in the steam-engine; in short, it is just working with air instead of steam, this air, as we have described, being carried away from the working cylinder by means of a tube which connects it with the exhausting pumps at the water-mill. The tube may be twenty miles in length, or more if necessary; and it may be carried either above or under ground, as is most convenient. One condition is essential to the well-working of the machine, it must be perfectly air-tight.

We have said that no perfect vacuum can be formed, and that ten pounds of effective pressure is the amount of power which may be calculated upon as created in this manner by the prime mover. And it must always be kept in mind, that no power is, or can be, gained beyond what is produced at the water-mill; it is only transferred, and that with some loss, on account of friction. But then it may be taken to any distance, however great, and fixed in any locality, high or low, in town or country, in a manufactory, or in a royal drawing-room, without producing smoke, noise, or smell of any kind. And as the difference between the same power produced by coals and steam, and the expenses of locality and other incidents are great, the little loss of power sustained by the transference can be easily borne. It is evident that the original amount of power may either be kept entire or concentrated on one machine, or divided into branches as numerous as is required, each being taken to a separate engine. Consequently the aggregate cannot exceed the primary amount of power obtained from the torrent, river, wind, or fire, but, allowing something for friction, must fall a little below it.

It is John Hague, an engineer of London, to whom belongs the honour of having brought to perfection the pneumatic transfer of power above described. Like Watt's discovery, and almost every other by which mankind have been benefited, it has for several years had to struggle against ignorance and prejudice. But a conviction of its importance is gaining ground; and, if we mistake not, a statement lately put forth by one of our most distinguished geologists, will tend to turn public attention more generally to the subject. Dr. Buckland has said, that notwithstanding the vast coal-fields which we possess, that mineral must ultimately become scarce, and even exhausted, from the enormous consumption of it in manufactories; and he advises that the small coal or dross, now thrown away as useless, should, by a process he describes, be baked into a sort of bricks, and used as fuel, so that the evil day may be kept as distant as possible. Without presuming to controvert a statement from so high an authority, we cannot say that our apprehensions are very great of a scarcity of coal being felt for some thousands of years to come; and to make calculations with reference to such periods, is probably carrying science beyond its legitimate dominion. The advice, however, regarding the working up of the refuse coal, is worthy of serious attention for other reasons. And it is not because we dread a want of coal, that we would wish to see pneumatic engines spread all over the country; it is because the system, if carried out to its fullest extent, would produce a mighty change for the better in the moral and physical condition of the operative classes. Manufactories are at present concentrated in places where coal is cheaply and readily obtained, because that article is essential to the steam-engine; and where their place of business is, there will the lower classes be found, huddled together in ill-ventilated streets, and buried under clouds of smoke and noxious gases. We need not point out the evils which trace their origin to this state of things. But let us suppose the necessity for manufactories being thus crowded together on a small space removed, an entire revolution would be effected; engines and machinery might be scattered over the country in such places as were most convenient for the proprietor, and entirely independent of coal or anything else. All this might be done by a general adoption of the pneumatic engine. But to whatever extent it is carried, so far will it prove highly beneficial to all classes. We quote from the authority already mentioned an account of the works of this description at present in operation:—

“Foster, of Stourbridge, was, we believe, the first who used Hague's engine, and has never permitted it to rest from the hour it was put into motion. The mint work at Utrecht was made by Hague, and is worked by it. The mint work at Rio de Janeiro was also made by him on the same principle; and the drawings made by Mr. Bell, now in charge of the Pacha of Egypt's

steam-vessels, are still in Cable-street (where Mr. Hague's premises are), and of great beauty. The sultan's machinery for making gunpowder was constructed by Hague, and worked by his pneumatic engine. The primary power from which it is transferred is about three quarters of a mile from the works\*. The conviction of its importance has at last penetrated into Lancashire, and Messrs. Wrigley, Lowside Colliery, near Oldham, have adopted it. The Tregollan Mining Company, Charleston, are using it, and are in treaty for seven more. In Cheshire there is one *three miles* from the primary power. Several are used in sugar houses in London; and lastly, a company has taken a wild moor in Lancashire, on which are streams or falls of water, for the purpose of transferring the power, and letting it out to manufacturers in the surrounding district."

Since the above was written, we have no doubt that several more have been added to the number now in effective operation. The pneumatic power has already been adopted to clearing mines of water, and in all mining operations it must prove a powerful auxiliary. A water-raising apparatus can very easily be constructed, the primary power for putting which in operation may be any number of miles distant. Several are understood to be at work, the construction of which is thus briefly described. "Suppose a series of iron boxes, each containing a ton of water, and twenty feet from each other. Exhausting pumps extract the air from these boxes; the water rushes into the lower box to fill the vacuum; as soon as it is full the valve closes, and the communication to the box next above opens, and the water goes to the next (still higher up), and so on, until it is poured out, either to flow away or used to work an overshot wheel. As soon as the first box has delivered its water to the next above it, the water rushes into it again, the vacuum being kept up, and the action continues. The machinery is very strong and simple, and not by any means liable to get out of order." Another most important purpose which the pneumatic engine might serve in coal mines, is the exhausting them of those inflammable and deleterious gases which often prove so destructive to human life. It may be conducted into those places where fire-damp or hydrogen gas have accumulated, and being set a working, it must consume and expel a certain quantity of foul air with every stroke, while at the same time it supplies its place with pure atmospheric air. The quality of the air expelled can easily be tested, and thus the workmen will know when it is safe for them to approach the mine. When we reflect on the number of lives that are annually sacrificed by explosions in coal-mines, it appears to us that this invention has claims on the attention of coal proprietors which it would be next to criminal to overlook any longer.

But the grand object which would be achieved by a pretty general introduction of the pneumatic engine would, as we have said, be the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The breaking up of those dense and gloomy settlements of manufactories, and their more diffuse distribution over a wide tract of country would be an inestimable blessing—such a blessing, indeed, as the working-man of Birmingham and Sheffield is probably best able to appreciate, but which all may form some idea of. Whether this is to be effected rests entirely with the master manufacturers, not with the bulk of the people. The writer already quoted has some hopes of the success of the scheme; nor, whilst we most heartily concur in the philanthropic sentiments of the following passage, will we cloud the beautiful and smiling picture which he has drawn by the expression of any doubts or fears of our own. "He may live to see the waters of the Humber working the machinery of Leeds, Halifax, and Bradford, and the power of the Mersey conveyed by the side of the railway to perform the same labour at Manchester, and the neighbouring districts—he may, and blessed be the day! live to see our pyramids of manufactories, with their living masses, converted into villages and systems of domestic industry, where the parent may work his loom aided by his child, and yet the whole be under superintendence and regulation, and where even the quantity of power used will be unerringly registered, and consequently the quantity of work which has been done exactly known; where, instead of an atmosphere loaded with smoke, steam, and effluvia, may be for ever seen the clear vault of heaven; where, instead of polluted alleys and streets, never free from dirt and disease, gardens may smile, and afford a useful intellectual occupation for the operative after the labour of the day."

\* A letter from Constantinople is appended, in which the efficiency of the machinery is highly praised. It is also stated that his highness the sultan had paid a visit to the beautiful establishment, and this was a great deal for a Turk.

#### ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

THIS peculiar style of rhythm, which has for centuries given place to more regular metre, and the graces of rhyme, was much in use among our Saxon ancestors, and appears to have also been in vogue with the Icelandic poets, and with those of other Gothic nations. Several English poems, written in alliterative metre, without rhyme, are extant, among which, that entitled *Pierce Plowman's Visions* is the one most generally known; but few readers, except those whose delight is in musty tomes, and who are deep in the mysteries of black-letter lore, are acquainted with more than the name of that singular poem. When our more ancient poetry was, towards the end of the last century, drawn forth from the oblivion to which it had been too long consigned (a good work, to which the publication of "*Percy's Reliques*" mainly contributed), the public was seized with a sort of Gothic fever; and they were so delighted with the novelty of the feast to which they were invited, that they one and all declared everything was excellent; antiquity was a sufficient passport to their praise, and they exercised their ingenuity in discovering fancied beauties in even the most worthless productions. That excitement soon passed away; but it produced excellent effects; and, freeing the mind from the shackles of an artificial taste, left us at liberty to appreciate and enjoy the poetry of nature. But it must be granted that the diction and style of most (though not all) of our elder poets, is so rough and rude as to render their perusal disagreeable to a modern reader. Few, we believe, except thorough-paced antiquarians, have had the courage to travel through "*Pierce Plowman*," or would think their trouble repaid by the snatches of true poetry interspersed; and yet in him, and many other poems equally rugged, passages of great poetical power and beauty are to be found, which deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

We were led to these reflections on meeting with the following lines, while idly turning over the pages of "*Percy's Reliques*," a book we are very fond of dipping into. It is an extract from a MS. supposed to be as old, if not older, than "*Pierce Plowman*," (which was written about the year 1350,) descriptive of a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our Lady Dame Life," and "the ugly fiend Dame Death." The lines quoted by Dr. Percy form part of the description of Dame Life, and we transcribe them, as being a fine specimen of powerful poetic painting, and affording an example of the very beautiful effect of alliteration, when judiciously used. Its constant repetition wearies us, but in the last two lines of the following passage it falls upon the ear in delicate and enchanting harmony.

Shee was brighter of her blee [colour],

Then was the bright sonn:

Her rudd redder than the rose

That on the rise [rough] hangeth:

Meekely smiling with her mouth,

And merry in her lookes;

Ever laughing for love

As shee like would.

And as shee came by the banks

The boughes eche one

They lowted to that ladye,

And layd forth their branches;

Blossomes and burgens [buds]

Breathed full sweete;

Flowers flourished in the frith,

Where she forth stepped;

And the grasse, that was gray,

Greened belive [instantly].



## THE MAN WHO HAD "NOTHING ELSE TO DO."\*

NEXT to being harassed by duns, run down by constables, and taken up by the gout, I do believe the man who has "nothing to do," leads about the most vagabond sort of life ever allotted by Providence to anything in the shape of a man. I believe this to be a rule without an exception; a law without the glorious uncertainty of the law. Your man of fashion is a man of business; always busy in his line. His lacquies, his tailors, his stables, and his debts, furnish him with "a place, and constant employment," independent of everything else. Your vagabond has his occupation, his trade, his standing in society. He falls into his place as scientifically as a corn-stalk-militia-man, at a regimental review, and goes through all the evolutions of his craft. The strolling beggar carries a sick child, or a greasy piece of parchment from a corporation officer, with a long tale at the end of it, or grinds on a squeaking hand-organ, or plays a fiddle to a dancing baboon. These worthy people all have something to do. You can understand what they were made for. The world wouldn't have all sorts of people in it, without them.

Well, the point to which I am coming, is this. I once knew a man who had nothing to do. He was the circumstance of an accident and a result. A mere "circumstance," for he was about as near nothing as nobody; of "an accident," for a rich old uncle left him a fortune, through forgetfulness to make a will, and leave it to his house-keeper, as he had promised; and "a result," for it neither turned his head, nor changed his disposition; it established him, my old friend Jeremiah Lincoln, for that was his name, in the indomitable resolution to be "a gentleman." And he had but one definition of that word; "a man who has nothing to do." He didn't fish it out of Dr. Johnson; he was his own lexicographer.

This resolution had been formed after mature reflection. It came about in this way. Jeremiah had been overworked when he was a boy. His mother sent him to school to one Stoffel Peeler, a big, brawny Dutchman. I knew him well, and he was a "peeler." The school-house was away off at the cross-roads, a mile and a half from our village, in a little clump of button-wood grove, interspersed with birch sprigs, originally, though they were being thinned out in our time; and it was a tiresome walk, for a lad who carried a half-conned lesson in one side of his head, and a well-conned idea of the quality of the birch sprigs, in the other side. Jeremiah always said it was too much for him; between the mother and the master, he would absolutely be worked to death; and this unhappy result might have actually come about, but for the lucky circumstance I am now to relate, which fortunately dropped in, and not only preserved his valuable life, but secured to the world the materials of this instructive story.

It was this. Our worthy school-master, among other sapient inventions for teaching the young idea how to shoot, had a rule, that the spelling-class should, every Monday morning, reverse its order from head to tail; the lads took each other down, as they caught the missed words, through the week, and on Saturday, the boy who stood head, took home a certificate of approbation in his pocket, and the unlucky urchin who stood tail, was furnished with a contra certificate on his back. The word, one Saturday, was "Seringapatam." It took Jerry to the landing-place at the foot, and he went home "a striped pig." But that was not all. Master Peeler, for he was a genius in his line, gave poor Jerry the consolatory piece of information, at parting, that unless he spelled that word on Monday morning, syllable by syllable, putting it together as he went along, he should have another "waking up," that would be a caution to him all the days of his life.

Faithfully did Jerry strive to master that hard-mouthed word; to him it was a regular-built jaw-breaker. He "couldn't twist his tongue round it, no how." He spelled it over a hundred times; he dreamed about it at night; he turned it over, took it apart, and tried it, and tried it, until its tingling sound rang in his ears like forty sleigh-bells; and when Monday morning came, he sat by the fire, with his spelling-book before him, the very picture of despair. That word was his Shibboleth. The school hour was approaching; and, with the sensations of a culprit going to the gallows, he buckled his strap around the book, slung it over his shoulder, and flung himself out of the door. As he tracked his way toward the scene of his anticipated ignominy, the fresh and clear breeze of the morning seemed to re-invigorate his mind. His meditations took another turn. "I wonder," said he to himself, "what use there is in going to school for ever? What good will it do me to be banged and banged about, like a dog? I wish I was a gentleman! I wish I had nothing to do! Master Peeler is a great rascal. He

would n't knock me about so, if I was a man. I'll not go to school to be hammered in this way;" and his wrath rising with his recapitulated wrongs, he clenched his fists, and broke out aloud, "I'll be hanged if I do!"

"If you do what?" said a stern voice, behind him.

He looked around, and there was Master Peeler at his heels! Not recollecting, at the moment, that all his cogitations, except the last expression, had been confined to himself, and seized with the belief that all the disrespectful thoughts which had been so vividly present to his mind, had been uttered in the ear of the dreaded form whose frown chilled his blood, he uttered one shriek of terror, flung away his book, and taking to his heels, never looked behind him, until he had bolted in at his mother's door, and slammed it at his back. "Mother," said he, to the astonished old lady, "Mother, I'll be darned if I'm going to be licked ag'in, for all the Seringatangtangs in the book! I won't never go to school no more! I won't—I won't!"

The argument that ensued is of no consequence here. The fact is, Jeremiah Lincoln's literary labours terminated at "Seringapatam."

The next time I saw him was in a stuffed and cushioned chair, in the back room of a quiet house, in a retired part of the city. Three years had gone by, and the men and things of the world, like the beads in a kaleidoscope, had assumed, after the successful casts of time, new combinations of shape and colouring. Jerry was enjoying the comforts of three thousand dollars a year—had sunk into the repose of perfect retirement—had reached what he conceived to be the summit of earthly felicity—and even the village schoolmaster had been forgotten, or at least forgiven.

The docile spirit of the boy, which never, except on the one memorable occasion already alluded to, had risen to fever-heat, now slept behind the mirror of his blue eye, as calm and serene as the clear sky in a quiet lake. He never opened a book—they were tiresome; nor a newspaper—they were exciting. He walked around the square, when an umbrella was not necessary, or took an afternoon airing with Tom, in a tilbury and a "family horse." But in process of time the "sights" in his neighbourhood became old; the faces he was accustomed to see familiar; he had told all he knew to everybody with whom he was acquainted, and a little enlargement of his sphere of action became perceptible. He strayed one day to the site of a new building, some squares off; and while amusing himself by looking at the hodmen carrying their burdens up the long ladders, a brick fell upon his head. Whatever there was within, however, was so well protected, that the uncivil salutation produced no very alarming consequences. He was picked up, set on his feet, the blood and dirt wiped away, a patch applied to the wound; and to the kind inquiry, "what the Harry he was about standing there, right in the way?" his unsophisticated answer was, "he had nothing else to do."

This little incident might have been of service to him, if he had had any employment at home. But that being out of the question, he was soon abroad again; and the next time I saw him he wore an air of sullen disquietude. He had been shamefully, shockingly ill-treated. "What do you think?" said he; "I stepped aboard a steam-boat at the wharf, yesterday; I was looking through her—I had nothing else to do, you know—and before I was aware, I found we were travelling up the North River! I couldn't think of going from home. I had no money, no clothes—knew nobody; and when I politely asked them to put me ashore, and let me go home, they told me I might mind my own concerns, and that I had no business to be on board if I wasn't going to Albany! But that's not all," said he, looking cautiously around, to see if anybody could hear, "they actually sent me on shore, in a little boat, ten miles off, because I could not pay my passage; and I begged my way down in a truck-cart." I expressed my sympathy. "And yet," continued he, "when I went to the police-office, to complain of this kind of treatment, stealing me away from my home and friends in this way, they actually laughed at me, and said as much as that it served me about right; and that, as I 'had nothing else to do,' I might as well be riding ten miles out in a steam-boat, and ten back in a truck-cart, as not; they didn't see as it made any difference!"

I consoled the poor fellow as well as I could, and we parted.

It was but a few days afterward, that Jerry's man Tom came to me, in great perturbation, and told me that his master had been missing all night, and that he had accidentally found him in the police-office, where he then was, charged with some offence; and he begged me to come down and see what was the matter. I went. Just as I had succeeded in elbowing my way through the crowd, I heard the name of "Jeremiah Lincoln" called out; and there,

\* From the "Knickerbocker."

sure enough, stood my poor friend, looking as wo-begone and sheepish as the merest drab of a skylark in the dock.

"Swear the witness," said the magistrate; and the witness was sworn. "What's the offence?" And the witness told his story; how a fellow had been arrested for stealing a pocket-book in the street last night; how a set of rowdies had rescued him; how they procured assistance, and captured a lot of the chaps, and this was one of them."

"What do you say to this?" roared the magistrate.

Jerry mumbled over a miserable explanation, the amount of which was, that, seeing the crowd, he just stepped over, and was trying to find out what was the matter, having nothing else to do, when he was seized, and carried to the "lock-up."

"Ah!" said the magistrate, recollecting himself, "I have seen you before; you are the man about town that *has nothing else to do*. You may go; but," and he shook his finger, "if I ever see you here again, I'll put you in a way to find employment."

Jerry seized his hat, and slunk out of the office like a whipped dog.

Finding that these accidental scrapes were rather troublesome and very annoying, particularly as, having nothing else to do, his mind invariably ruminated darkly and sadly upon one, until he got into another, he bethought himself of leading a more circumspect life, and stepping along his way with greater caution. Home was, of course, an absolute solitude, during all those hours, especially, in which the active world is busy; so he began to look around for some perfectly safe and lawful way of killing the time, which, day by day, he found hanging on his hands. He had noticed, in his walks, a lawyer's office, and sitting within it a quiet, demure-looking little man, with his chin on his hand, and spectacles on his nose. "That place," said Jerry to himself, "must be a sanctuary; if I could but scrape an acquaintance there, it would be a great thing; it would be so interesting to hear him talk; lawyers know everything, and a little more, they say; and maybe he has nothing else to do."

An opportunity soon offered. Having nothing else to do, Jerry endorsed a note for a neighbour, and in due time, much to his astonishment, was notified that "the holder looked to him for payment." He stepped into the little lawyer, to take advice. He found him poring over an old parchment-deed, which he had slipped out of the drawer into which he slipped the novel he was reading, as Jerry entered. A retaining fee, the advice required, which was, of course, to defend himself against the claim to the last extremity, and a familiar chat of an hour, completely broke the ice; and thenceforward Jerry made the attorney's office a regular morning-lounge. It was quite pleasant; the attorney was an agreeable little man; an agreeable pair of black eyes occasionally peered through a glass door, which divided the office from an adjoining sitting room. An introduction to a pair of sisters, who formed part of the household establishment, soon followed; and as the attorney sometimes had a client, Jerry, who had nothing else to do, now and then strayed into the family apartment.

One day he was sitting in the attorney's office, as usual. The parchment deed lay upon the table; the spectacles were thrown back upon the forehead; and Mr. Coke, addressing himself very kindly to his friend, opened the following discourse:—

"Well, Jerry, my boy, when is it to come off?"

"Come off?—what come off?"

"Oh, the wedding! It's no joking matter with me, I assure you. Tabby, I understand, is going to leave me! Ah, you sly dog! Why didn't you take my advice, eh?"

Jerry was thunderstruck!

The attorney proceeded—"Never mind—I forgive you, you might have done worse, though I say it who should not say it. Sharp fellow!—little puss! Her ring on your finger!" (There it was—how it came there, Heaven knew, not Jerry.) "Yours on hers. Well, the sooner the better, eh!"

To make the story short, Jerry "was into it." He had nothing else to do, so they took him, and married him; and the last time I went that way, the lawyer's office was in Jerry's front parlour; the rest of the family occupied the remaining part; and a couple of spoiled urchins kept the nursery in an uproar. I saw him afterward in the market, haggling for fish. "Jerry," said I, "I'm glad to see you—how do you get along, now-a-days?"

"Bad enough!"

"How?—a wife, children, dog, cats—cupids, a brother-in-law, and nothing else to do?"

"Hush!" said he, with a tear in his eye; "I'll be darned if I wouldn't rather go back to old Peeler, and learn to spell SERINGAFANTAM!"

#### PUNCTUALITY.

Mr. M—, a merchant of M—, was a great lover of punctuality in all its forms. Calling upon a mechanic one day, who was notorious for the non-fulfilment of his engagements, and by whom he had frequently been deceived, "When," says he, "Mr. S—, can I have my work finished and sent home? Take your own time, but tell me positively, and do not deceive me, for I do not like to be disappointed." "On Thursday next," says the mechanic, "if I am living, you shall positively have it." Thursday came and passed, but no work made its appearance. In the evening the merchant called upon the printer, with the request that he would insert the death of Mr. S—, which he accordingly did in the following morning's paper. What was our mechanic's surprise, on taking up the paper next day, to find an announcement of his own death! Up he goes to the printer for an explanation. There he was told that Mr. M— authorised it, and they had supposed it correct. He, of course, repairs to the merchant to know what it means. Mr. M— shows great surprise on beholding him, and can hardly be persuaded he is not a ghostly appearance; "for," says he, "you solemnly promised me that, if you were living, I should have my work done and returned on Thursday: no work appearing, I very naturally concluded you were dead, and had it accordingly so announced." Mr. S— was abashed and silent, and we hope made better by the well-intended joke.—*Salem Observer*.

#### CONVERSATION.

There must, in the first place, be knowledge—there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failure. This last is an essential requisite: for want of it, many people do not excel in conversation.—*Dr. Johnson*.

#### A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Two Irishmen about to be hanged during the rebellion of 1796, the gallows was erected over the margin of a river. When the first man was drawn up, the rope gave way, he fell into the stream, and escaped by swimming. The remaining culprit, looking up to the executioner, said, with genuine native simplicity, and an earnestness that evinced his sincerity, "Do, good Mr. Ketch, if you please, tie me up tight; for, if the rope breaks, I'm sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke."

#### GARRICK AND DR. STONEHOUSE.

Dr. Stonehouse is said to have been one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders, he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the Doctor what particular business he had to do when the duty was over: "None," said the other. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He next asked the Doctor, what books he had on the desk before him? "Only the Bible and Prayer-book." "Only the Bible and Prayer-book!" replied the player; "why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger." The Doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and ever after avoided the faults they were designed to reprove.—*Countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times*.

#### PERSIAN ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND.

Their lights during the night make the day and night to be nearly the same. In all their cities, towns, villages, hamlets, mountains, hills, plains, bazaars, and every street, light at night is just as it is in the day-time. This is effected by means of their conducting the light through pipes, as if it were a liquid or water. This they call gas, or what we may call spirit of coals.—*Persian Princess in England*.

#### THE AGHORI.

I had often witnessed, and more frequently read of, the revolting practices of numbers of the countless inhabitants of India, the slaves of a knavish hierarchy; but it was reserved for me this day to discover the extent to which the debasement of man could be carried without the intervention of priestcraft, and which, happily, was too far below the attributes of human nature to be erected into a system. I allude to the Aghori, who finds a place in the interminable nomenclature of Hindu sectarian classification. I may style this outcast of human nature the jackal of his species; but even this midnight reveller amidst graves and impurities is cleanly in his habits compared with the Aghori. The brute would turn away from putrefaction, and refuse to prey on the dead of his own kind: not so the Aghori, by whom a dead man or a dead dog is viewed with equal indifference, or rather appetite; and, disgusting as is the relation, he does not hesitate to feed on the excretions of nature. I had heard that such wretches did exist, not only in the sacred Aboo, but amidst the impenetrable recesses of the other mountains dedicated to the Jain faith, in the peninsula of the Sauras.—*Tod's Travels*.

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